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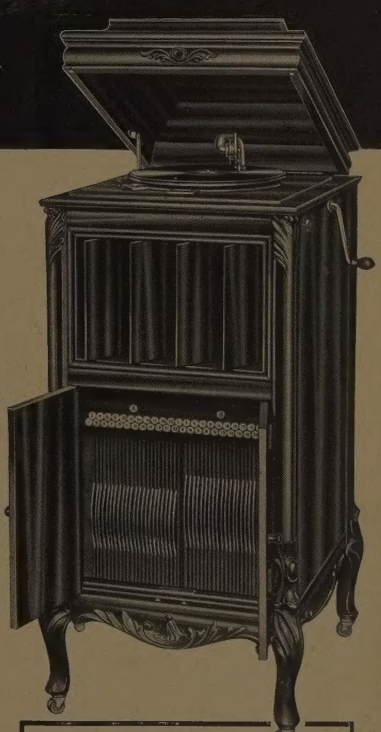

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Martha Hedman

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Martha Hedman was born in Ostersund, Sweden. At the age of four een she went to Helsingfors, in Finland, where she entered a school to study for the stage. Among her teachers was Siri von Essen, the first wife of Strindberg, who became greatly interested in her. At the age of eighteen she was engaged by Albert Ranft for the leading theatre in Stockholm, where she won considerable fame as an interpreter of Ibsen's and Strindberg's dramas. Coming to America, she was engaged by Charles Frohman to create the leading feminine rôle in "The Attack" with John Mason in the fall of 1912. Miss Hedman continued as Mr. Mason's leading woman in "Indian Summer." When this play was withdrawn she went to London, where she played leading rôles with Sir George Alexander. This fall she was starred in "The Heart of a Thief," and also appeared with John Drew in "The Prodigal Husband."

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly Subscription, in advance, $3.50 Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail Canada, add 85c Single copies 35 cents

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, Telephone 6486 Greeley. 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

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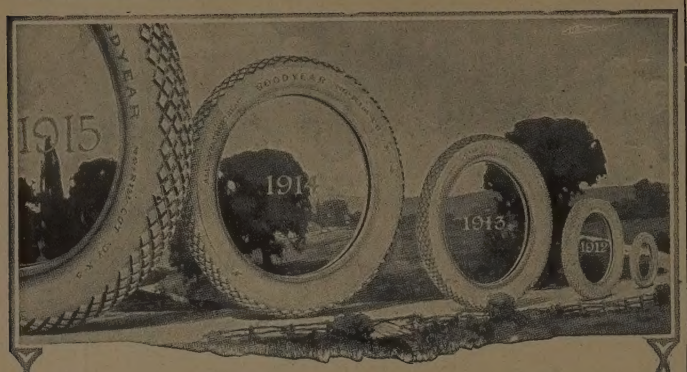

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXI. FEBRUARY, 1915 No. 168

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.

Photo White

Effie Shannon A. E. Anson

Act III. Looking into the water, Mary Ellen realizes for the first time she has grown old.

SCENE IN THE $10,000 PRIZE PLAY "CHILDREN OF EARTH," AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

This play was selected as the best out of 2,640 other manuscripts submitted in the competition opened by Mr. Winthrop Ames. The author, Alice Brown, is a well-known writer of short stories. Her play deals with a middle-aged romance, with New England for a background. The critics are not over enthusiastic regarding its merits. The *Times*, while praising its admirable fidelity in atmosphere, declares it "hollow and unconvincing."

THE NEW PLAYS

Mrs. Skinner Otis Skinner

SCENE IN JULES ECKERT GOODMAN'S PLAY, "THE SILENT VOICE," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

HARRIS. "THE LIE." Play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced on December 24th last with the following cast:

Hamp	G. W. Anson	George	Stuart Robson
Miss Pinsent	Gladwys Morris	Gerald Forster	Vincent Serrano
Gibbard	Margaret Johnson	Lucy Shale	Violet Heming
Sir Robert Shale	Alfred Bishop	Noll Dibdin	C. Aubrey Smith
Elinor Shale	Margaret Illington	Mrs. Callard	Mildred Orme

Henry Arthur Jones must still be reckoned with as a playwright of psychologic observation, technical capacity and literary equipment. "The Lie," a study of English life in four acts, is the latest output from his pen, and presents at the Harris as a star Margaret Illington in a rôle instinct with fine emotional opportunities. Miss Illington realizes them. She personates Elinore Shale, granddaughter of Sir Robert Shale, an impecunious old baronet, picturesquely unproductive. It is she who bears the awkward moments of their poverty; it is she who makes the big sacrifices for her younger sister Lucy. Lucy, the epitome of selfishness, gets into trouble. Elinore stands by her, but by equivocation and a downright lie Lucy shifts the burden of her shame on Elinore. As a result Gerald Foster, in love with Elinore, dashes off to Egypt, whither the speculating Lucy follows him and marries him. Later, Lucy's hideous ingratitude and unscrupulousness are revealed to Elinore, who in a fine scene of recrimination, physical and vocal, tells Lucy just what she thinks of her; but Elinore's happiness is assured as Noll Dibdin, inadvertently responsible for the misunderstanding which made Lucy's duplicity possible, proposes marriage. Miss Illington in her big scene pours forth a volume of feeling with a responsive effect that yields her unstinted applause. Her ability in such moments is absolute. The selfish Lucy is admirably portrayed by Violet Heming, who brings youth and beauty to her task. The contrast in natures between the two sisters is one of Mr. Jones' finest accomplishments. They are real characters, as is their indolent grandfather sketched with gracious urbanity and sympathetic grace. Deliciously human is Alfred Bishop's rendering of the part. C. Aubrey Smith is natural and appealing in a rôle that offers few opportunities, while Vincent Serrano is cast for Forster. A bibulous and impudent old butler at the hands of G. W. Anson stands out in bold comic relief, while Lucy's child smashes all theatrical traditions. Master James Eagle actually speaks and moves like a real child. The staging is admirable. The second set, an interior of the Dower house, showed the refined hand of a discerning artist.

PRINCESS. "MATERNITY." Play in three acts by Brieux. Stage version by Richard Bennett from the translation of Benjamin F. Blanchard. Produced on January 6th with the following cast:

Josephine	Vera de Cordova	Mme. Bernin	Maud Granger
Madeleine	Francis Savage	Judge of Court of Assises	Chas. Riegal
Lucie Brignac	Adrienne Morrison	Prosecutor	W. L. Romaine
Catharine Tupin	Mai Estelle	Counsel for Defense	Erville Alderson
Julian Brignac	Richard Bennett	Mme. Thomas	Isabel Winlocke
Dr. Hourtin	W. W. Crimmans	Marie Gaubert	Gertrude Workman
Fechain	W. L. Romaine	Tupin	W. W. Crimmans
Annette	Jane Cooper	Mme. d'Amergueux	Vera de Cordova

No one can doubt Brieux's sincerity. The French author was writing his sociological theses in dramatic form long before that era came that made them possible for presentation on the English stage. "Damaged Goods" showed the hideous ramifications growing out of a widespread disease. It sounded a warning note. It had a purpose. It undoubtedly accomplished good. "Maternity" is quite as bold as its predecessor, but its value as an educational factor may well be questioned. It presents various problems concerned with the science of gynecology. It presents them, but fails to solve them. The unlicensed brutality of the married male cannot be cured by legislation. Whatever may be said in extenuation of criminal operations cannot be urged for their general condonation. Brieux halts at that. The rules of convention supplement those of the law as applied to seduction. The original furore over the adoption of eugenic principles has already petered out. The medical profession is divided as to either its propriety or efficiency. In "Maternity"—which can in

no sense typify the happenings in any average family, French or otherwise—all these complications lurk under a common roof tree. Social horror is piled on social horror, but no true solution is given, nor can it be; nor is its form so deft and appealing that the grewsomeness of the subject is atoned for by the brilliancy of the exposition. "Maternity" is a preachment. It is not drama.

Brieux's play (the adaption is principally John Pollock's) is presented by Richard Bennett and his associates with sincere earnestness and considerable intelligence at the Princess Theatre. Bennett himself plays the alcoholized egoist. His rendering has a broader comic touch than the text would seem to suggest. His wronged sister-in-law in its childish elation and poignant grief at her undoing are denoted with quite wonderful skill by Jane Cooper. His wife is played with great sweetness and refinement by Adrienne Morrison. The Tupin couple are characteristically portrayed by Mai Estelle and W. W. Crimmans. Maude Granger grasps well the bitter realities associated with the life of Mme. Bernin. There is great honesty of purpose in Frances Savage's Madeleine, while Isabel Winlocke is forceful as Mme. Thomas.

HUDSON. "The Show Shop." Play in four acts by James Forbes. Produced on December 31st with this cast:

Sadie, Edna Aug; Wilbur Tompkins, Ned A. Sparks; Jerome Belden, Douglas Fairbanks; Max Rosenbaum, George Sidney; Effie Brinkley, Olive May; Johnny Brinkley, William Sampson; Bettina Dean, Patricia Collinge; Mrs. Dean, Zelda Sears; A Night Clerk, Sam Coit; Goldman, George Colt; Meginnis, Harry G. Bates; Monk, Al. Gilmore; Hickson, Walter Young; Steve, Charles Emerson; Granby Smith, Felix Krembs; A Scene Painter, William Bedford; Miss Donahue, Lillian Tucker; Miss Farrington, Rhy Alexander; Miss Toby, Becky Bruce; Mr. Billings, Stapleton Kent; Walters, Edward Moore.

Wasn't it Mr. Stephen Leacock who wrote an article on the decline of American humor? If so, the Canadian professor and author should visit the Hudson Theatre. If "The Show Shop" doesn't convince him that the local brand of fun is still extant, then is he hopeless indeed, for the first night audience roared with delight at Mr. James Forbes' latest farce and if all signs go not awry it will be one of the laughing successes of the season.

"The Show Shop" concerns the theatrical profession, and deals with a play within a play. Not a marvellously original idea, but in this case handled with such dexterity, such freshness of treatment and such incisiveness of observation that it takes on the value of a real satirical document. The handling of values, too, is so excellent that the interest hardly ever flags, and from the first curtain to its final fall there is constant interest and sustained laughter.

A rich young man about town, Jerome Belden, is in love with a rising young actress, Bettina Dean. To be near her he joins her company and proves himself a "naughty" actor. The mother will not hear of marriage, as she believes her daughter has a great future as a star, so Belden, unknown to her, agrees to back Bettina in a play that shall surely fail on Broadway. But through his stupidity he still has to act. Such an original twist is given to the play that it is a great success. As a solution, the run is to be continued, but the young people are allowed to secretly marry. In presenting this fable a dramatic impresario is shown in all his autocratic power; there is a delicious scene in the parlor of a hotel at Punxatawney, where the original play busts up; while the final rehearsal of the play prior to its New York première are all phases of theatrical life, delightful in their humorous verisimilitude. Belden is acted with buoyant youthful enthusiasm by Douglas Fairbanks, and Patricia Collinge is a sweetly refined and gracious Bettina. As a sketch of character, Max Rosenbaum, the manager, is drawn by George Sidney with a fidelity that is wonderful in its freedom from all exaggeration, a genuine artistic creation. Edna Aug was a knowing stenographer, Ned A. Sparks an embittered stage manager, and Olive May and William Sampson a married couple of the old theatrical school, devoted in their mutual affection.

Zelda Sears was the dominant stage mother. A trifle overemphatic at times, her motherly devotion was true and unaffected. All the smaller types were in excellent hands. "The Show Shop" is great fun. It is good, clean typical fun, too, and deserves its success.

White

Emmy Wehlen and Maurice Farkoa in "To-night's the Night" at the Shubert Theatre

White Zelda Sears Douglas Fairbanks Patricia Collinge George Sidney

Act IV. Mrs. Dean (Zelda Sears): "You can't leave the cast"

SCENE IN JAMES FORBES' PLAY, "THE SHOW SHOP," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

ELTINGE. "The Song of Songs." Play in five acts by Edward Sheldon, based upon the novel by Hermann Sudermann. Produced on December 22nd last with the following cast:

Ruby Purcell	Maude Allan	Wilkins	H. C. Lewis
A Drummer	William Stone	Jane	Josephine Robbins
A Customer	Eleanor Seybolt	Marcel	Francis M. Verdi
Della Shay	Helena Rapport	Lindsley McAlpin	James Lounsberry
Lily Kardos	Irene Fenwick	Judge Atwell	R. A. Brandon
A Detroit Chap	Forrest Winant	Stephen Bennett	Ernest Glendinning
A Messenger Boy	John Coss	Achille	A. Romaine Callander
Richard Laird	Cyril Keightley	Maurice	Claus Bogel
Senator Calkins	John Mason	Phineas K. Bennett	Thomas A. Wise
Anna Merkle	Dorothy Donnelly	Louise	Rita Otway

In his heroine of "The Song of Songs," Sudermann drew a rare and profound psychological portrait, a really big figure for stage purposes. But playwright though he be, he never tried to dramatize his own novel. Years after the publication of the book, an American superimposed upon himself this task, and with an American locale "The Song of Songs," by Edward Sheldon, is now the attraction at the Eltinge. The discussion it has and will provoke suggests for it a long run.

Sheldon acknowledges his indebtedness to the German author, and frankly utilizes some of the main incidents in Lily Kardos' pathetic, checkered and hectic life. It is hardly a dramatization, it is rather a panoramic description of the more striking phases in the career of one who started life without opportunities, met with temptation and fell, but who finally triumphed as far as the world is concerned, even though she shattered a few ethical conventions while in transit.

Lily is an orphan at work in an Atlantic City board-walk bazaar. A child in mind and figure, she is nevertheless variously sought after. Unable to accomplish his sinister purpose, Senator Calkins marries her and tries to fit her for a proper place in his social life. The victim of circumstances, Lily is cast off and becomes the mistress of Richard Laird. Into her new environment comes a young person from the West, who proposes marriage, but, like the character in the book, his Uncle Phineas K. Bennett disillusionizes the poetical nephew by showing up Lily through her own weaknesses, and the girl is forced to return to her lover. But he feels he understands her, proposes honorable marriage, and Lily's future would seem thereafter to be confidently assured. Incidental as this all is, situation logically follows out of situation, and considering the wealth of material in the book, it is quite astonishing how much of it Mr. Sheldon is able to realize by vivid touch and suggestion. If Lily is not the exact Lily of the novel, she is luminously expressive of a type and a character teeming with histrionic possibilities. To Miss Irene Fenwick falls its interpretation, and marvellously subtle and finished is she in describing its gamut of moods. Her youth and her natural ingenuousness are valued factors. As Laird, Cyril Keightley gives a performance which for repressed force and finished artistic detail has not been seen since Charles Coghlan flourished.

The sensual Senator is bravely limned by John Mason, while the discerning Uncle, rough and shrewd, is acted by Thomas A. Wise with an unctuous enthusiasm really perfect in conception and execution. The youthful poet is enacted with fine impulsive fervor by Ernest Glendinning, but Dorothy Donnelly, in her bit as the jealous chatelaine, would be more effective if she were less Cassandra-like in makeup and movement. There are a full dozen of good acting small parts which are played with a fine finished regard to the necessities. "The Song of Songs" is strong dramatic meat.

LONGACRE. "Secret Strings." Play in four acts by Kate Jordan. Produced on December 30th last with the following cast:

Réné Marquenne	Lou-Tellegen	Gannivard	Sidney Stone
Jeannette	Mary Nash	Gabrielle	Blanche Yurka
Andre, Comte Lamballieu,	Frederic de Belleville	Bassano	Franklyn Kingsley
		Baptiste	Leonard Grey
Diane, Comtesse Lamballieu,	Marion Abbott	Tony Rico	Charles Coleman
		Bonneval	Frank Sterling
Victor Moreau	Hamilton Revelle	Phillippe	Chas. K. Girard

The crook and his devious ways are still with us. His operations are on view at the Longacre Theatre, but his scene of activity has been changed from this country to France. Lou-Tellegen is the star, and the medium for his endeavors is called "Secret Strings," and is from the pen of Kate Jordan.

Réné Marquenne invades the chateau of the Comte and Comtesse Lamballieu as the bearer of news from their nephew, who has died of fever in South America. The Comtesse is the owner of fabulous jewels, and Réné, who is the chief of a band of thugs, is laying his plans for a rich clean-up and a swift get-away. To further his plans, Réné gets his wife, who has left him on account of his dishonest ways, to become the companion of the Comtesse. Here, in the person of another nephew, Victor Moreau, whom she once loved and who still loves her, Jeannette, the wife, finds her lot a sorry one when compelled to inadvertently become Réné's accomplice. The Comte and Comtesse give a dinner. All dress up for it, and Réné appears as Carrier, the monster of the Revolution, celebrated in song by Swinburne. He drugs the coffee of his hosts, secures the jewels, but the unconscious ones wake up in time, and, presto! the Comte and Comtesse are detectives in disguise. He manages to escape through a window, however, to a fusillade of shots. Was he killed? Victor, holding the wife in his arms, says, "He's escaped!" If, like the parrot of history, Réné and his crew had not talked so darned much they might have turned the trick. Kate Jordan's play has picturesque possibilities, but it is weighted down with verbiage and unnecessary complications. For a real success it needs pulling together. In the leading rôle, Lou-Tellegen presents a virile and attractive figure. His methods are sure and picturesque. He is always in the picture, reads well and acts with graceful and fiery enthusiasm. Mary Nash is intelligently thorough and painstaking as the wife. Hamilton Revelle is gracefully earnest as Victor, and the pseudo Comte and Comtesse are equally representative as either members of the nobility or the police administration. Mr. Frazee has provided a rich and elaborate setting for the piece, which ought to be much more effective than it is.

LIBERTY. "THE SILENT VOICE." Play in four acts by Jules Eckert Goodman, founded on a story by Gouverneur Morris. Produced on December 29th last with the following cast:

Mrs. De Lorme	Eugenie Woodward
Mildred Hallam	Mrs. Skinner
Spring	Owen Meech
Williamson	Wade Boteler
Montgomery Starr	Otis Skinner
Marjorie Blair	Florence Fisher
Bobby de Lorme	George Gaul
Young Man	Harry Southern
Young Girl	Esther Cornell
Old Man	Walter F. Scott
Old Woman	Winona Dennison
Policeman	William Wilson
Billy	Philip Leigh
Jennie	Ruth Farnum

"The Silent Voice" is a play with an idea inadequately developed. The original story, written by Gouverneur Morris, had for its title something like "The Man Who Played God." Apart from a moment of sacrilegiousness in the idea, the story has in it nobility of purpose. An amateur musician, rich and with all the customary means for happiness in his possession, is embittered by the loss of his hearing, and his heart is so desolated by the discovery that his wife, much younger than he, has married him out of a sense of duty, and loves his nephew, that he thinks there is no God. He feels that he has been forgotten. He sees misery and unhappiness all about him, and he undertakes to play the benefactor and thereby relieve in some measure his own unhappiness. He has learned to read the lips of people talking. He looks over into the park from his eyrie on top of his house, learns the troubles of those whom he sees in the distance, and sends out his valet to relieve their necessities. It is proved by a number of incidents that he thus accomplishes much good and is having his heart softened. He sees his wife in conversation with her lover, and sees her refuse to elope with him. She is faithful. This brings about a reconciliation. It is a rather agreeable story, but the action of the play is so inadequately handled that the interest is sustained, almost exclusively, by the

White C. Aubrey Smith Vincent Serrano

Act IV. Gerald Forster (Mr. Serrano): "You are quite sure that it was Miss Shale that you saw at the Brighton Station with the child?"

SCENE IN HENRY ARTHUR JONES' PLAY, "THE LIE," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE HARRIS THEATRE

acting of Otis Skinner, the stone deaf man, and that is not enough, as good as it is. Too much reliance has been placed on the individual resources of that remarkable actor, Mr. Skinner, and also, perhaps, on the unusual nature of lip-reading at a distance by the device of the transparency. It is not a motion picture that is seen through the transparency. We have the characters and hear them speak. The stage is darkened and the

White Lou-Tellegen Mary Nash
Act II. René: "Good evening. You are looking charming"
SCENE IN "SECRET STRINGS," AT THE LONGACRE

effect is interpolated. All this is curiously interesting, but while it carries on the story of the stone deaf man, it neglects the other part of the story, that of the girl, finally connecting her in the end after the fashion of story, not of a compact action. The play could be much bettered, and it should be. It should not remain one of the minor achievements of such a capable actor as Otis Skinner. As a production it has received from Mr. Charles Frohman everything that is requisite.

CASINO. "LADY LUXURY." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young, music by William Schroeder, dances by Charles S. Morgan, Jr. Produced on December 25th with this cast:

Edward Van Cuyler.....Harry Conor	Sam Warren.....Forrest Huff
Harper.....Frank Andrews	Madame Mischkowa.....Emilie Lea
Eloise Van Cuyler.....Ina Claire	Monsieur Ivan Nishkin...Francis Bryan
Jimmy.....Alan Mudie	Count Piniaselli.....Arthur Albro
Mrs. Draper-Cowles.....Emily Fitzroy	Detective Scatro.....Lawrence Hart
Maude Draper-Cowles.....Alice Moffat	

The sooner the managers will realize that Abe Lincoln was right when he said, "You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," the better it will be for them. If anyone can find any excuse for "Lady Luxury," recently presented at the Casino, let him come forward and prove his case. Nothing more amateurish in libretto, lyrics or music has ever been seen or heard in New York. Not even a good cut could save this production from an ultimate and deserved death. Ina Claire's name flares in the big electric sign, but that does not make her a star, lacking the necessary qualifications. Harry Conor, the dear old comedian, struggles hopelessly with a silly part. None of the other perpetrators need any special mention. They are as amateurish as the show.

BANDBOX. "POOR LITTLE THING." Play in four acts by Jerome K. Jerome, from the French of Jules Lemaitre. Produced on December 22nd last with the following cast:

Mareze.....Eric Blind	Simone.....Eleanor Russell
Mme. Mareze.....Beverly Sitgreaves	Renee.....Dora Mavor
Jacques Mareze.....William Raymond	Solange.....Ridier Davies
Juliette Dupuy.....Janet Dunbar	Olga.....Alma Mara
Garnotea.....Ernest Elton	Lili.....Amy Dennis
Mme. Durand.....Jeanette Ferrell	Aline.....Celia Randolph
Burette.....William Lorenz	Marie.....Irene Perels
Suzanne.....Frances Carson	Isabelle.....Elsie Renald
Madeleine.....Helen Fulton	Louise.....Edith Nichols
Marthe.....Anita Clarendon	

The Bandbox Theatre, backed by a subscription list of people distinguished socially and professionally, has the good of the theatre at heart. There is room for the select play for select audiences, all the more that it is an unusual play if it is a play that can please the multitude. "A Poor Little Thing" is unusual and unconventional in being a study of artistic temperament. Parisian artists of distinction have classes. This painter's class seems to have been made up of girls. One of them, named Juliette, is very pretty and talented. When, on some occasion of celebration, in which flowers and an address in verse are offered the petted instructor, the girls offer their kisses. The temperamental artist complies, but we see that he withholds his kiss from the last one in the line, Juliette, but his graciousness tells the story. The temperamental artist is a married man. Juliette has occasion to visit his home to consult him about her work. The wife

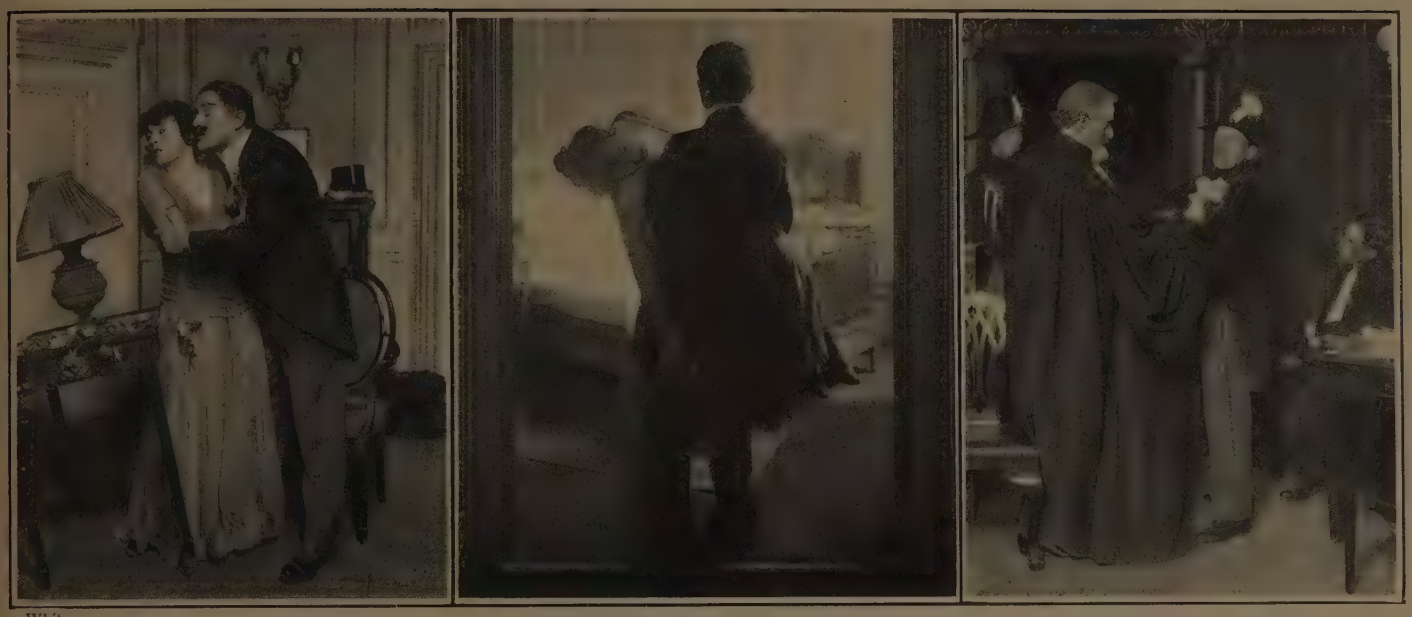
Charles Coleman Mary Nash
Act IV. Jeannette: "What do you mean by coming here?"
ANOTHER SCENE IN KATE JORDAN'S PLAY, "SECRET STRINGS"

objects to the "designing creature." The son, without their knowledge, meets her, falls in love with her, wants to marry her. Father and mother are up in arms. The pride of the artist is wounded. Juliette will go and leave them all. Her resolve brings about a reconciliation and her recognition. Janet Dunbar, as Juliette, was charming in her simplicity.

39th STREET. "A MIX-UP." Farce in three acts by Parker A. Hord. Produced on December 28th last with the following cast:

Gladys Lorraine.....Marie Dressler	Nora Maguire.....Julia Blanc
Tillie Schwartz.....Nellie DeGrasse	Hiram Hickman.....Albert Reed
Robert Hickman.....Bert Lytell	Mrs. Hiram Hickman...Sarah McVicker
Angelica Hickman.....Evelyn Vaughan	Eugene Ramsay.....Robert Ober
Mrs. Hamilton Ormsby.Helen Beaumont	Sam Landman.....John P. Dougherty

Marie Dressler is Marie Dressler. She plays farce with the energy of tragedy, successfully transposing to the requisite key.



White
Adrienne Morrison, Richard Bennett | Adrienne Morrison, Richard Bennett | Erville Alderson, Adrienne Morrison
SCENES IN BRIEUX'S SOCIOLOGICAL PLAY, "MATERNITY," AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

There is nothing obscure about the points she wishes to make. If she were not so sure in her humor, her abundant vitality might occasionally work disaster, but she has so many resources that she retrieves every folloy of a play and gives the semblance of reason to inanities. A burlesque actress, by mistake, owing to a similarity of names, chances into the apartments of a man whose wife has just left him to be absent on a visit of a few days. She is dressed in a bizarre and gaudy fashion. The low-cut dress reveals a great expanse of back. It is too late for her to leave that night, and she insists upon (*Continued on page 99*)

Death of Mme. Gerville-Réache

MME. GERVILLE-REACHE, former leading contralto of the Manhattan Opera House, and a singer of world-wide reputation, died on January 5th last from blood poisoning, contracted while on concert tour.

As an artist, the name of Gerville-Réache stands prominently forth among contemporary French singers. She was gifted with rare dramatic temperament, her voice being no mere smooth, schooled organ, but an expressive, emotional gift, adequately effective in the voicing of rôles that were elemental in their sweep. Her Clytemnestra in "Elektra," her Genevieve in "Pelleas et Melisande," were figures of operatic portraiture to recall vividly. She was a fine artist of rare emotional capabilities, one of the world's great dramatic contraltos. To Madame Calvé, who persuaded the young Jeanne Gerville-Réache's parents to allow her to study for grand opera, and to Oscar Hammerstein, who brought her to this country as a member of his Manhattan Opera Company, after she had gained European laurels, we in America are indebted for our too short enjoyment of this great artist's achievements. The death of Madame Gerville-Réache, just when her powers, vocal and dramatic, had reached their fullest beauty, adds another sad note to these saddest of times. No one who has heard her as Dalila, Herodiade or Amneris can fail to feel her untimely passing as one of the greatest losses opera and concert have of late sustained. Hers was a voice that one admirer likened to "pink velvet"—a term whereby he perhaps tried to express the exquisite softness and sensuousness of her tones. More responsive than some of the other great contralto voices, just as she herself was more plastic in her acting and more highly finished in her dramatic impersonations, its notes will vibrate long in our memories. Never has anyone sung "*Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix*" as Gerville-Réache sung it, and one may add to the memory of her wonderful voice one to its exquisite phrasing and its luscious coloring the memory of her as she looked when singing—the loveliest, the most seductive of Dalilas.

Photo Bruguiere
THE LATE JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE

In her intercourse with her fellow artists, Madame Gerville-Réache was noted for her sympathy, her interest and her immense kindliness. Her impulsive generosity was always to be relied upon, her keen sense of the absurd kept her from the "pose" that so many artists affect to their detriment in taste, if not otherwise. To the bereaved husband, to her children and family, for which her affection was so strongly shown, it is no impertinence for those who have been privileged to know this artist, to extend their deep sympathy.

The singer was born in the Basque Province, France, thirty-five years ago. Her father was Governor of Guadaloupe. At the age of fifteen she studied singing with Labordi, and later at Grivot's school, where Director Carré, of the Opéra Comique, heard her, and immediately offered her a début in the rôle of Orpheus. The following year she sang at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, and then returned to the Opéra Comique. In 1907 Oscar Hammerstein, happening to hear her at a charity concert, at once engaged her for the Manhattan, where she made her début in "La Gioconda."

Among her best-known rôles at the Manhattan were Dalila, Amneris, Carmen, La Navarraise, Azucena, the Queen in "Pelleas et Melisande," the Mother in "La Princesse d'Augberge," Herodiade, and Clytemnestra.

After the closing of the Manhattan Opera House she became a member of the Boston Opera Company. She also sang last season with the Montreal Opera Company, and had been active in concert work here and in other cities. She married Dr. George Gibier Rambaud, head of the Pasteur Institute here, in November, 1910.

Photo White

MISS ALICE BRADY

This clever daughter of William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, was born in New York and educated in a convent school. Her stage career has been active and successful. She has sung all the leading soprano rôles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, played ingenues in dramas like "The Family Cupboard," and intensely emotional heroines, as in "The Things That Count." She is now appearing in "Sinners" at the Playhouse. Miss Brady is now only twenty-one, so that her career may be said to lie all before her

Granville Barker May Head the New Theatre Here

SINCE we can't do away with the theatre, let us make it as good as we can."

It was Mr. Granville Barker who made this sensible remark at a luncheon party the other day. He is the London playwright and producer who, at the invitation of the founders of the New Theatre, has come over to let us see some advanced plays, the really amusing "Androcles and the Lion," a one-act play by Bernard Shaw, which had not been seen here; "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France, the second contribution to the stage of this eminent French littérateur, done for us in English by Curtis Page; Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Doctor's Dilemma," by Shaw, and the producer's latest play, "The Madras House." It is hinted that if the present Barker engagement at Wallack's is successful, it may result in the continuation of the New Theatre movement with Mr. Barker at its head.

GRANVILLE BARKER
London playwright and producer who has come to America to show us some new ideas in plays and stage settings

Although he is an actor, Mr. Barker has no intention of appearing in any of the pieces given. It is as an unconventional producer that he hopes to become known and liked by his American cousins. If they could see him on the stage or meet him in private life these cousins would hasten to acknowledge the relationship, for he is an agreeable and pleasantly compelling man. If anything really would count against him it is his own assertion of loyalty to Bernard Shaw. What shortcomings that curious gentleman possesses are not visible to his friend, and the fact that Shaw has been able to keep such a friend stamps as apocryphal many of the popular Shaw anecdotes.

"What the British public needs more than anything else is education of its imaginative faculty," said Mr. Barker, "and although I am not in the position of one who knows, I hazard the remark that the American public requires the same instruction. Anything that happens in real life, anything that might happen under circumstances of real life, is my definition of the materials for the stage, and even that I think may be too narrow. I do not mean by "real life" the sordid and the painful exclusively; I do mean that whenever a real thing is put imaginatively on the stage it does good. No one is anything without imagination, and for those in whom this god-like quality lies dormant the stage is the best thing to wake it up. To visualize the ordinary is often to show it for the first time to many people, and the stage does this. I do not wish to criticise the men who have written and staged repellant and abhorrent and pathological facts; each man works in his own way, and that way is not mine, but I am willing to believe that these authors are animated by a purpose as high as they pretend.

"Facts we must have, facts concerning the things that are happenings in our midst or society and government are in danger. Where can we get these facts? We ought to get them from the newspapers, but we don't. I have been looking for a long time for the newspaper which will give this information. I haven't found it yet, and I think the stage comes nearest to making us all see what is happening. That would be a sufficient reason for prolonging its existence. Of course, that is a form of words: nobody need worry about prolonging the existence of the theatre, it will take care of that itself, and since we cannot do away with the theatre, let us make it as good as we can."

Mr. Barker is gratefully remembered here as co-author with Mr. Lawrence Houseman in "Prunella," the charming fantasy which had a long run at the Little Theatre last season. This piece was so dependent on a sympathetic production that it served him as an example for pointing out the bad results of the existing managerial conditions. In other hands than those where "Prunella" fell the delicate little thing would have had no chance of life, and it is Mr. Barker's profound conviction that many good plays are spoiled by not getting this kind of consideration. This sounds what it is, a commonplace; nevertheless, there is scarce a manager in this country to-day who will not, from lack of knowledge or other lack, interfere with the success of his own property. This is the English author's view of the commercialization of the American stage.

"It is an evil existing in England, but not to the same extent. We have learned over there from actor-managers, and the battle waged by the Stage Society has borne good fruit. Our managers are by no means fond of losing money, and I do not blame them; they are in the business of managing theatres to make money, but they have learned that the old order is changing, giving place to new, and that to them means they have to follow the new light or lose a great deal of money. Plays which start out by being plays cannot have a piece taken out here and a piece interpolated there and succeed. So when the old-time producers saw that money was being made by new men in new ways, they saw a great light and followed it. You will remember that things are different over there; we have to stand or fall by the London verdict, we have no 'road' to send our quasi-failures to and make up the deficit so.

"I predict that in fifty years America will have developed a great national drama. The only thing that can prevent will be the obstinacy of the managers in refusing everything that is new. All signs point to a drama from this country unequalled now in Europe."

As Mr. Barker's reputation is that of an advanced producer, it was essential to ask him about the novelties of stagecraft seen in his present batch of plays. Here he was reticent for cause. It is easier to see novel stage scenery, lighting, drapery, etc., than it is to describe it. The great innovation in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is that Mendelssohn has been cut out of it. Instead, folk songs, Morris dances of Merrie England have been introduced by Cecil Sharp, the authority on such matters. He has found and arranged all the music for this play in the musical archives of the country. Mr. Sharp, it may be said in passing, is due in this country for a lecture tour on the subject of folk song. Also associated in these productions are the scenic painters, Norman Wilkinson, who has worked for four years with Mr. Barker, and Albert Rotherstein, who made the decorations of "Androcles and the Lion." Mr. Barker's wife, a charming, gifted and attractive actress, plays in the pieces.

As a son of Mrs. Albert Barker, a dramatic reader, it was natural perhaps that Granville Barker should take to the stage. At any rate, he did so naturally, and, as his father did not believe very strongly in the efficacy of schools, young Barker was permitted to go to Margate and join a dramatic school at the early age of twelve. A year or two later (*Continued on page* 97)

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Elizabeth Schumann in "La Bohême"

Frieda Hempel and Johannes Sembach in "Euryanthe"

REVIVAL OF "EURYANTH

THERE was a lot of ominous headshaking when Gatti-Casazza announced, upon his return from abroad several months ago, that he would revive Carl Maria von Weber's romantic opera, "Euryanthe," at the Metropolitan Opera House during the course of the season, and would make it one of the big artistic events.

"For," said this conscientious and conservative manager of the Metropolitan, "'Euryanthe' is a great work and it should be included in the repertoire of so great an opera house as this. It absolutely explains Wagner, shows Wagner's artistic beginnings, and is the finest of the early romantic operas."

It has also been bruited abroad that Arturo Toscanini was very anxious to conduct this opera here. He had done it at La Scala, on which musical historic occasion he had started a riot by refusing to repeat the overture.

So all things combined to heighten the expectations of opera-goers in the promised revival of "Euryanthe," which was given on Saturday matinée, December 19, 1914, with the following cast: The King, Arthur Middleton; Adolar, Johannes Sembach; Lysiart, Hermann Weil; Euryanthe, Frieda Hempel; Eglantine, Margarete Ober; Rudolph, Max Bloch; Bertha, Mabel Garrison; Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

This was the first time this opera had been given at the Metropolitan since the season of 1887-88, on which occasion it was sung by Lehmann, Brandt, Alvary and Fischer, and conducted by Anton Seidl. But all these forces could not awaken interest in the masterpiece, which disappeared after four performances, sliding back into the bin of oblivion, where it had rested for a quarter of a century previous to the Metropolitan performance.

It is an open secret that "Euryanthe" suffers from a very bad libretto. Its original tale, a French legend, the theme of which was used by Boccacio, and also by Shakespeare in his play "Cymbeline," was fashioned into a libretto by one Helmine von Chezy. She was, from all accounts, an eccentric, fat woman of letters, who made Weber's life a burden during their period of collaboration.

Its tale concerns the Knight Adolar, beloved by Euryanthe, which attachment is the object of envy of another Knight, Lysiart, and also of Eglantine, a confidante of Euryanthe. Here, then, we have practically the same figures and

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Raymonde Delaunois in "Boris Godunoff"

Mishkin

William Small, Jr., as Trouble in "Madama Butterfly"

Mishkin Maria Duchene in "Cavalleria Rusticana"

AT THE METROPOLITAN

divisions of characters that came to life later and in more interesting form in "Lohengrin."

To return: Lysiart intimates that Euryanthe is not faithful to Adolar, but the latter wages his heritage on Euryanthe's love. Now there is a secret in the lives of Adolar and Euryanthe, namely, the fact that Adolar's sister died when her betrothed was slain in battle, and that the sister's soul hovers restlessly about and cannot find peace in the great beyond until a ring which she wears has been wet with the tears evoked by innocent suffering.

This secret is divulged to Eglantine by Euryanthe. While a tempest rages and while the heavens belch fire, Eglantine enters the vault and takes the ring from the hand of the corpse. Lysiart traps her at this moment, and the two conspire to wreck the happiness of Euryanthe and Adolar. While assembled with other knights before the King, Adolar is shown the ring, accuses Euryanthe of having betrayed her oath. The two are virtually banished from court; Adolar leads Euryanthe into a forest and here deserts her. She is found by the King, who is out hunting, and when he hears her tale of Eglantine's perfidy, resolves to reunite the lovers. This he does finally, Eglantine confessing her part in the plot and being stabbed by Lysiart, while Euryanthe and Adolar resume their interrupted song of joy.

It is a namby, pamby story, although in music it sounds really better than it reads. But, as is the case in so many other grand operas, the music and not the play's the thing. Weber's music is tremendous in its freshness, its originality, for the work is nearly a century old, and many of its devices have been appropriated by later composers. Wagner helped himself most liberally, for Weber gave birth to many germs of musical ideas which Wagner really developed fully and made palatable for the present-day opera public.

As for the performance itself, it was one of the most absorbing presentations of old works ever heard here. Toscanini swung the baton and he seemed to galvanize the various principals, chorus and orchestra into forces that did his every bidding. Hempel was the Euryanthe, and she did more beautiful singing than ever she has done here before, again proving without any possible doubt that she is a great artist as a lyric soprano, while she is misguided in believing herself a coloratura singer.

Ober was Eglantine, and she made this rôle dramatically impressive, singing the enormously difficult aria in the castle garden scene with overwhelming bigness. As Adolar, the new German tenor, Sembach was heard quite at his best, his voice lending itself well to the sentimental music, his stage presence giving the

White Margarete Ober in "Euryanthe"

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Pasquale Amato as Escamillo in "Carmen"

Falk

VERA COURTENAY
Soprano at Opéra Comique, Paris, and now in America

MEMBERS OF THE METROPOLITAN ON BOARD THE S. S. CANOPIC

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VERA CURTIS
Soprano at the Metropolitan

impression of romantic type of youthful knight. Weil, as Lysiart, was very good, although he might have been more dramatic. Then there was the new American basso, Arthur Middleton, who sang the music of the King with amazingly beautiful quality of voice, which atoned in a way for his unregal appearance. The singing of the chorus was well nigh faultless, and the orchestra played superbly. There were new and artistic scenic sets made by Kautsky, of Berlin, and the effective costumes were manufactured here after plates by Professor Heil, also of Berlin.

And the audience? It spent its enthusiasm freely at the occasion of the revival, and also at the second performance, so it is possible that after all these years "Euryanthe" may find the public appreciation which ever has been denied it here. It can hardly be gainsaid, however, that a further curtailment of the opera would be a further point in its favor.

There was another revival, or semi-revival, during the month, namely, that of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," which was handsomely furbished out a few years ago and was then neglected last season. It enlisted nearly all of the familiar principals—Caruso, Scotti, Destinn and Hempel, but it was rather singularly lacking in "style." This opera is a stamping ground for great singers. Without a star cast it would not to-day attract a corporal's guard, but there was little feeling for any artistic unanimity during the recent performance. Mr. Caruso sang divinely as Raoul. Destinn was dramatic in the part of Valentine, although it was the first time in many weeks that she had sung here, having been the victim of indisposition. Hempel was excellent as Marguerite de Valois, save when she tackled her high notes in the coloratura passages. Scotti, leading a Russian wolfhound by the leash, looked picturesque in the rôle of De Nevers and acted well. But Carl Braun, as the gruff old warrior Marcel, was very disappointing; likewise did Rothier lack vocal dignity as Saint-Bris. There was almost a newcomer in the part of the Page, Urbain, this being taken by Mabel Garrison, one of the new American sopranos, who has recently joined these forces. She sang the music with a great deal of style and taste and looked boyishly charming in her costume. Mr. Polacco conducted with enthusiasm.

"Manon Lescaut," thought by some to be Puccini's best opera, was also brought out for the first time this season, with Caruso and Bori in their familiar parts, while Amato sang the rôle of Lescaut for the first time here, and did it very well. Polacco also conducted this opera, which is one of the most dramatic and effective bits of work to his credit here.

"Carmen" has been given a number of times and is proving to be the drawing card of the season, the public crowding the Metropolitan each time it is given and then clamoring for more; and Geraldine Farrar's impersonation is growing with each presentation of this Merimée-Bizet heroine.

"Butterfly," "La Bohême," and all the rest of the operatic lodestones have been sung, and the crowds have been of goodly numbers, considering the times and conditions. Elisabeth Schumann, a successor to Bella Alten, has been indisposed with cold, and while still under the thrall of this sang her first Gretel in "Hänsel und Gretel" with only reasonable success. Marie Rappold was called upon to sing Destinn's rôle in "Aida" when the latter was also stricken with a cold, and she gave a brilliant account of herself.

Music in the concert room has gone its even tranquil pace, save in the instance of the return of the Austrian violinist, Fritz Kreisler, who had been in the Austrian army, had been actively engaged in the battle of Lemberg, where he was run down by a Cossack and wounded. All this churned public sentiment to a high pitch of interest and excitement, so that when Kreisler made his first appearance this season he was greeted by a crowd that entirely filled Carnegie Hall and also overflowed on the stage—the enthusiasm of which was fully as great as its numbers. The noted violinist limped noticeably when he came out, a tendon in his leg having been torn. He was also injured in the shoulder, but it took precious few minutes of his marvellous playing to convince his hearers that his arm was in no wise affected, for he played with the fullest beauty of tone and with the mastery which appears solely his own to-day.

After the program the audience applauded and the violinist had to grant many encores.

LEON ROTHIER
French basso in the uniform he wore while fighting with the French army

VIVIAN GOSNELL
English baritone now visiting this country and recently heard with great success at the Music League of America concert

HAROLD BAUER
Well-known pianist heard recently at a number of recitals at Aeolian Hall

White

SOME ATTRACTIVE GIRLS IN IRVING BERLIN'S MUSICAL SHOW, "WATCH YOUR STEP," AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

Irving Berlin—A Restless Success

A TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD who can't read music, who can play the piano only in the key of F sharp, who never had an hour's instruction in harmony and counterpoint, is striding into the temple to confute the learned doctors. The clatter of his rythmic heels comes nearer and nearer the Holy of Holies. Who, where Chopin is sacred or Brahms is bruited or Wagner is handed about the table as nonchalantly as the salt—who in these precincts has heard of Irving Berlin?

Everybody!

Where English is spoken, Irving Berlin is to-day unquestionably one of the most popular living composers. He is as well known in London as in New York; for him the proletariat shoots off its huzzas, and the melodic aristocracy is divided in its own person, for while its lips deny, its feet refuse to keep still.

This is no panegyric of "Watch Your Step," Berlin's first and extraordinarily successful show. It is about the quiet, intense, gentle, dark little personality—Berlin himself. He has the busiest publishing house in New York; he could not count his songs any more than Rockefeller père could enumerate his oil-tanks; he is writing a new musical comedy, he is continually writing new songs, for which he keeps a whole staff of arrangers busy embalming the airs that fly from his spirit onto black keys only; yet so far, he says, he has done very little that he wished to do.

Six years ago he was a singer in East Side cabarets, with an ambition toward popular song-writing. To-day he is the most successful writer of his type of songs in the world, and he declares that he will never be content until he has written The Genuine American Music Drama. His favorite music masters are the modern Russians. He doesn't pretend to understand their music. He bows to its spell unquestioning. Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, Tschaikowsky, alternately thrill, chill and inflame him.

It is the simple earnestness of the boy which makes one believe in him. He is a Russian Jew, son of an itinerant Cantor, and the greater part of his childhood was spent in industrious, cheerful poverty on New York's East Side. He sang in his father's services, and the Cantor taught him something of music, but his teachings were not so fine as the artistic birthright unconsciously bestowed. Irving Berlin's music, in its good examples, is always better than its form and medium.

In single songs, he has never surpassed his great triumph of four years ago, *Alexander's Rag-Time Band*, of which a Western critic wrote: "With the irresistible virility of this single melody, Puccini could have popularized 'The Girl of the Golden West,'" With his little voice and his frail hands, and his ludicrously limited pianistic ability, the boy had been vainly supplicating his own street to listen. When *Alexander* spoke the world answered, and made respectful requests in turn.

The song was the sort of triumph fatal to any man save a genius. It made Berlin. It gave him what he had never had—a little leisure, and some popularity, and a few big rocks for the foundation of the publishing business. The business proved to be an ogre in the form of an animated cat-o'-nine-tails, lashing him into unceasing and unsparing effort ever since.

Apeda

IRVING BERLIN

We sat in the twilight of one of the fifteen piano rooms of his song-shop—in which he himself manufactured ninety per cent. of the goods.

"I suppose we all work best under pressure," he smiled, abstractedly touching something in his sole key of F sharp. "I can't get to work until my partners tell me that sales are falling, that the rent is increasing, that salaries are going up—all because I'm not on the job. Then I sweat blood. Absolutely, I sweat blood between 3 and 6 many mornings, and when the drops that fall off my forehead hit paper they're notes.

"That's the way I wrote *International Rag*. I was in London. I had a grip full of stuff; nothing especially new, nothing characteristic enough, they said. I composed the melody and wrote the first verse of *International Rag* in the Hotel Savoy at 4 o'clock the morning of the day before I opened,

(*Continued on page* 97)

FILM PLAYS AND PLAYERS

SCENE IN THE LUBIN FILM, "THE VALLEY OF LOST HOPE," SHOWING A HEAD-ON COLLISION OF TRAINS, WHICH COST $10,000

ELEANOR WOODRUFF
(Vitagraph Co.)

MARY PICKFORD caused a deal of talk a few weeks ago. Her lawyers were reported to be in daily conferences with other people's lawyers. Rumors but whetted the appetite for solid facts, and not receiving them, one imagined locked doors and serious men seated around a mahogany table littered with legal documents, quite like a Senate committee considering a new tariff schedule. Seemingly the question at issue was simple enough—whether Miss Pickford would, or would not, leave the Famous Players—but it dragged along for nearly a week, and meanwhile various interesting, if contradictory, stories were printed. Figures soared. One of the wildest flights credited Miss Pickford with signing a contract whereby she would receive a weekly salary of $3,000 from the New York Motion Picture Company. Imagine, $156,000 a year, and the odd part of it is that such a salary was not deemed improbable. And only a few years ago screen players received less than their fellow actors in stock companies, say $75 for leading rôles, which was not so bad considering the steadiness of the employment in contrast to the usual short stage season.

Miss Pickford finally decided to remain with the Famous Players at a salary generally supposed to be $2,000 a week. It may be more; but it can hardly be less, in view of the lively bidding for the services of "Little Mary," who is regarded as the greatest individual asset a producer can secure. In passing, it is interesting to note that this actress first won popularity under the tutelage of D. W. Griffith, and that she is credited with never having spent a cent on personal advertising. She didn't have to, publicity has been thrust upon her.

The case of Miss Pickford—the extravagant bidding for a player with a reputation—is being duplicated all the while on a smaller scale, much after the method adopted by owners of professional baseball clubs, and for the same reasons. Producers must have strong drawing cards—the Christy Mathewsons and Walter Johnsons of filmdom. The golden harvest for motion picture actors is a natural consequence of a policy that has been gaining strength during the past two years, and now, perhaps, is reaching its fullest development. In the first days of photoplays the names of actors never were given on the screen; nor was it customary to mention them on the "paper" advertising a picture. Gradually the public, seeing the same faces week after week, displayed an interest in the personalities of the people who entertained them, and letters asking for information reached the offices of the producers and the trade papers in ever increasing numbers. "Little Mary," because of her winsome girlishness, became a great favorite when Biograph films were admittedly the best in America; G. M. Anderson (Broncho Billy) was another early favorite, as were Florence Lawrence, John Bunny, Flora Finch, Arthur Johnson and Alice Joyce, to mention a few—there were not many—of the players whose names became familiar to the clientèles of picture houses throughout the country. This was in what may be called the second period of photoplay development that still held to moderate salaries.

Floyd

BEULAH POYNTER
(Cosmos Feature Film Co.)

Produced by D. W. Griffith
SCENE IN "THE CLANSMAN," FROM THOMAS DIXON'S NOVEL

It is only within the past year and a half that the more conservative companies have seen fit to feature their players, and then they were practically compelled to do so by the new publicity tactics of competitors. The monetary value of widespread popularity is obvious, and the profits must accrue to the producers just as long as they retain the players. But

Unity

ETHEL GRANDIN
(Smallwood Film Co.)

SCENE IN THE WORLD FILM PRODUCTION OF "MRS WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

Sarony

GERTRUDE McCOY
(Edison Co.)

right here are the seeds for the golden harvest, of which the actors are getting more, we should imagine, than the film makers believe is good for them. Every known means of increasing the drawing power of a player with possibilities has been utilized, and now producers find expiring contracts in their safes, while the people they have boosted at such expense have the more negotiable assets, liberty and a reputation. Figure the outcome then, when a new producer lacking the prestige of an established name, scans the studio rosters for some star capable of giving his pictures immediate importance. He will pay well for such a star and economize in other respects; so, in response to the unbeatable law of supply and demand, actors with liberty and a reputation are able to secure salaries that in other professions would be considered out of all reason. In the past three months comparatively young organizations have induced a great number of successful directors and players to make their homes in new studios, and the end is not yet.

ELAINE IVANS
(Mina Films)

No doubt the influx of stage celebrities in adaptations of plays has done much to emphasize the personal element in pictures and give impetus to the scramble for actors of note; but, dropping the question of recompense, have famous recruits from the stage been of much service to the still immature art of screen expression? A summary of their merits and demerits in photoplays released during the autumn and early winter probably would give a negative reply. It is not so much a question of ability as suitability. If anything has been proven to the satisfaction of directors and exhibitors, it is that audiences first of all demand that a player shall look the part. An actor or an actress may assume youth on the stage and entirely fail in the same pretense when photographed. The simple truth is that several actresses and a few actors with honestly earned laurels have done themselves a grave injustice by attempting the physically impossible—the turning of age into youth. Their art will not suffice to cover up deficiencies; for more likely than not they will be robbed of treasured qualities, a persuasive voice, perhaps, or an engaging personality, effective in the closer intimacy of the stage; but quite lost in the new medium.

Then there are other less easily explained failures that still revert to the question of suitability—actresses with youth, good looks and a stage presence, all of which fall surprisingly flat on the screen. We know a director who amuses himself by painting pictures. Conspicuous in a room adorned with not very inspiring canvasses is the uncompleted head of a woman, a crude daub artistically, but striking. It is emphatically something and it is safe to venture that everyone who enters the room notices it and asks questions. "Just an effort to find the ideal face for pictures," the director will explain, and then one turns to look again at the odd study that lacks pretty nearly everything but force. Neither this director, nor any other can tabulate the qualities he seeks, but he knows the difference in results and so does an audience. An audience also is likely to recognize the dissimilarity between the ease of experienced motion picture actors and the unnatural exaggerations of players who seem to believe that because their tongues are tied their arms must be unrestrained. This, however, is a matter of training, not suitability.

But to compensate for disappointments there comes every now and then a happy combination of story and acting such as one finds in "Mrs. Black is Back," marking May Irwin's début in pictures. All of the exterior scenes for this bright little comedy were photographed in the neighborhood of the actress' summer home in the Thousand Islands, and, needless to say, they are pleasantly reminiscent of vacation days. The playing of the comedienne, however—humorous, natural and expressive—is the outstanding feature of the production. Marie Dressler and Miss Irwin are two players who have been exceptionally fortunate in preserving (*Continued on page 98*)

LEW FIELDS AND GEORGE HASSELL IN "OLD DUTCH"
(World Film Corp.)

HELEN GARDNER
(Vitagraph)

PAULINE FREDERICK IN "THE ETERNAL CITY"
(Famous Players)

A Morning Chat with Marie Tempest on Comedy

EVERY comedian about whom I have known has had an unhappy private life. Comedy has been the two or three hours a day which has enabled him to forget. It was the lifting of the heavy load of life.

"Life is so hard. Its problems are so many and so difficult. It seems that comedy was invented to help us bear life and change our moods so that we could solve its problems.

"I am really a very serious person. My merriment is only a stage performance. I laugh with my audiences, not at the world.

"Comedy does not repay one for the effort it costs. Although tragedy or emotional acting is little more than speaking lines, it makes its mark on the age. Comedians are soon forgotten."

These aphorisms dropped not from the lips of the world's chief tragedienne, but from its foremost comedienne. I think no one will arise to dispute the crown I place upon Marie Tempest's brow. It is not the first bestowal of that crown, nor will it be the last. Indisputably, Marie Tempest is the greatest English-speaking comedienne.

She came out of her bedroom into the sunbathed, flower-scented drawing room of her hotel suite at the Knickerbocker, looking as though sunshine and flower scents were her native atmosphere. She smiled with the characteristic roguish twitching of her small mouth and the merry flash of her blue eyes, that have helped to build her fame, then sat down close to the window, where the sun stream was strongest, and uttered the sad sayings I have quoted. I must have stared my surprise at this maker of mirth. She smiled and hastened to say:

"These are the deductions of a looker-on. I make no complaint. I am and have been successful. From the beginning I have had success, unless I happened upon a play that was not right. That happens oftener than I wish. I don't know what is the matter with the playwrights. I read five hundred plays a year and get nothing. They come to me and say, 'I have an idea for a typical Marie Tempest part.' I say to them, 'Never mind the typical Marie Tempest part. Just go away and write your best. I'll play it.' But they don't and won't."

Was this to become the plaint of the comedienne? I endeavored to steer the interview ship off the rocks of calamity. To the trig, youthful, shiningly groomed woman sun bathing in the window I observed:

"At any rate, comedy keeps actresses young. You are younger than when I met you five years ago."

"Maybe," she returned, "if one only goes to the theatre, plays her part and goes straight home again. But it's a dog's life if you have anything to do with the management. Then you are at the theatre practically from twelve to twelve, and are a very Atlas groaning under the weight of a world of cares."

"If, as you say, the comedienne doesn't leave so deep a mark upon the age, at least she makes the nations gayer while she lives. She makes her audiences happy, and it is good to have made many persons happy, if only for a little while."

"That is true." There was enthusiasm in her tone "When I am on the street, strangers smile broadly at me. I know why. The other day I went into a candy shop on Fifth Avenue. A girl who sat behind a little window making change stared and stared at me as I stood in line. 'Well,' I said at last, 'what is it?' 'I know you, now that you speak,' she said. 'O, yes, I come to this shop often,' I said. 'Do you like it,' she asked. 'Yes.' 'You like our shop and I like yours,' she answered.

"A man wrote me that hearing me sing *'Steady, Boys, Steady,'* in 'The Red Hussars' had saved him from suicide. Yes, it is good to make people merry, for to be merry is to be brave, and to be brave is the greatest thing in the world."

"What is the essence of comedy?"

"I think that, like wit, its chief element is surprise. It is something odd or unexpected. It is the shock of surprise that produces the reaction of comedy. Comedy is acted rather than written. It is the way you speak a line or the unexpected thing you do while uttering it that is the real comedy."

"Is a comedienne born or made?"

"She is born and cultivated. If she hasn't been born she cannot be cultivated far."

"And this comedienne, the subject of our talk to-day? I judge by her eyes and her speech that she is Irish."

The roundish, not large, but rarely brilliant blue eyes laughed.

"No, pure Cockney," their possessor replied. "All countries have claimed me. I came of a large family. I was reared amid trouble and poverty, but, thank heaven, I had a mother with a merry gleam in her eye and a way of digging the fun out of a hard situation in life."

"Do you know that you comediennes make us ordinary mortals very uncomfortable when we chance to meet you?"

"No. Do you mean it?"

"I do. We know that that very power of digging the fun out of a situation makes us the subject of study. We know that some foible or eccentricity of ours is furnishing you material for a laugh in some future characterization."

"That may be true of unusually developed persons. Such a person is always extraordinarily sensitive. But the average person doesn't think. For instance, in the first play of our repertoire, 'Mary Goes First,' there were two distinct types of women, the artificial and hypocritical, and the natural. The audience were made up largely of the first kind. We could see them wigged, powdered, rouged. But they didn't know it. As they went out of the theatre we could hear them naming some of the persons who they knew of that type."

"Like Mrs. Burton Harrison's deduction, that it is perfectly safe to write of the foibles of society, because everyone in society thinks she means the other person."

"Exactly."

"But this comedienne of whom we were talking?"

"Oh, Marie Tempest? She began wisely, I think, in musical comedy. She started at eighteen. That is a good age to begin. Even then she had been studying music for years Every actress who has done worth-while things has been grounded in music. My artistic sympathies are French. Every year I run over four or five times to see what is being done on the Paris stage. I go over if only to take a train on Sunday and come back in time to play in London on Monday night. And every year I live for a few weeks in France. I like the French stage and derive inspiration from it because no actress there undertakes to play without preparation, anymore than a doctor would begin practicing without the study of medicine. And the first thing a French actress does is to learn to sing."

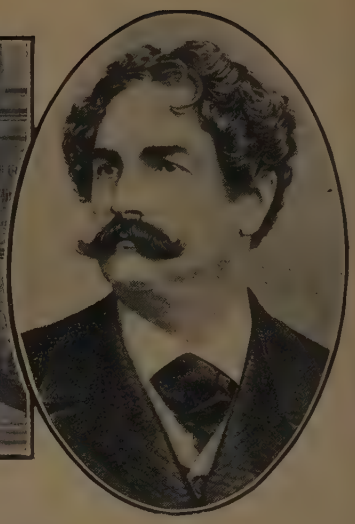
A. P.

Photo White

Yours very truly
Marie Tempest

James W. Wallack

Exterior of Wallack's Theatre at the corner of Broadway and 30th Street

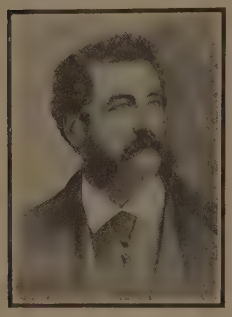


Lester Wallack

THE PASSING OF WALLACK'S

By CHARLES BURNHAM

ONE of New York's oldest playhouses, with a history that is part of our country's theatrical record, will soon be but a memory. Wallack's Theatre during the coming summer will pass from the control of those who were part of the Wallack régime and its site will be occupied by a skyscraper.



Theodore Moss

The name of Wallack has been connected with the stage life of New York almost continuously since the day in 1818 when James William Wallack, known to a former generation of theatregoers as the "elder Wallack," first appeared in this country. James W. Wallack was born in London, 1794, in the immediate vicinity of Astley's Amphitheatre, in former years one of London's famous amusement places. On the night of his birth the theatre was discovered in flames. His mother argued favorably from the circumstance, and prophesied for the child born under such illuminating surroundings a shining future. Her predictions were fulfilled to the utmost. James W. Wallack became distinguished in his native country as an actor of great merit. He was a man of tall and stalwart figure, with an intellectual and expressive face, and was as well suited to characters of a romantic and heroic type as his son Lester. After some twenty-years' appearance upon the English stage he embarked with his wife for America, then, as now, the goal of fortune toward which Thespian eyes are set. His first appearance in this country was on September 7, 1818, at the old Park Theatre, when he was seen as Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth and Richard III. He returned to England after this engagement, but ten years later paid another visit to the United States, when he completed plans for making America his permanent home. In 1839 he became manager of the National Theatre, situated at the corner of Church and Leonard Streets. While his name did not appear in illuminated letters over the door, the house was familiarly spoken of as "Wallack's," rather than by its advertised name. In 1852 he assumed the lease of the Lyceum Theatre at Broadway and Broome Street, renaming it "Wallack's," and from that day until the present time, with the exception of a brief period, there has always been a Wallack's Theatre on Broadway. The second Wallack's, opened in 1863, was at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, and the third and last with which the Wallacks were in any way connected is the present playhouse at Broadway and Thirtieth Street. In 1864 the elder Wallack died, and Lester took up the management of the theatre, carrying with honor into the years to come the fame and ability which his father had established.

Charles Burnham

Lester Wallack was born in New York in 1819, his arrival in the world being chronicled in the following letter sent to his grandmother in England:

NEW YORK, January 7, 1820.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

You will, I know, my dear mother, rejoice to hear that my dear Susan was this day week safely delivered of a most lovely boy. He was born on the 31st of December. Were you to see the child—he is as large as a babe two months' old, the most perfect little beauty you ever saw. My dear Susan is like an angel for patience. She and her *Son!!!* are, thank God, doing wonderfully well. She is not a little proud of him, I assure you. She sends to you her best love and Mr. Wallack, Junior's compliments.

Your loving son,

J. W. WALLACK.

Lester Wallack reached the height of his career in the early seventies, at about the time that other managers entered the field to contest with him for the leadership of the theatrical world. Daly and Palmer were the two most formid-

Annie Robe

George Holland

Mrs. Kendal

Joseph Jefferson

Agnes Booth

W. J. Florence

able opponents, and the rivalry at times reached a very bitter stage. Articles attacking Wallack's public as well as private character appeared in the house programs. He was accused of pirating plays belonging to one of the rival managers and of endeavoring to entice away members of the opposition companies. In 1870 George Holland, a prominent actor of the time, who had long been a member of Wallack's company, became attached to Daly's forces. Being in straightened circumstances, a benefit was arranged to help him along. William Winter, the well-known critic, who was one of the committee to arrange the affair, wrote to members of Daly's company asking them to aid in the proposed entertainment. The communications being referred to Mr. Daly, that manager replied as follows:

Fifth Avenue Theatre, April 13, 1870.

My dear Mr. Winter:

Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Davidge have shown me letters from you, or from the "Holland Benefit Committee" (of which I am said to be a member), asking them to play certain parts for a benefit that it is said is to be given Mr. Holland. I beg you will believe me that I am wholly astounded at the request. As far as I have heard, *this* "Holland Benefit Committee" had its inception and continues to hold conferences at Mr. Wallack's theatre—the house from which Mr. Holland was turned adrift when his days of usefulness had passed. I received the veteran artist into my theatre and from my treasury he has received his salary regularly—whether he was able to act or whether he was not. Moreover, he has signed the re-engagement I offered him for next year. How then can any committee make any arrangements for giving a benefit to a member of my company before receiving an invitation to do so from me? I believe this benefit business to be an attempt on the part of Mr. Wallack or some one in his interest to retrieve in a cheap manner the reputation Mr. Wallack lost by casting poor Mr. Holland aside last year.

For another manager to tender a member of my company a benefit without first asking my permission was a piece of cool assurance; and to relieve himself from paying Mr. Holland's salary while he gets up a benefit at which the profession generally earns the money by playing is a piece of small economy.

So long as Mr. Holland is spared to us he shall have his place in my company; and beyond the terms of his engagement with me, as he will tell you himself, I promised him in last December that I would give him a benefit at my own house. Beyond this, I decline to give any other manager an opportunity to deceive the public with a show of generosity he does not feel.

Very truly,

Augustin Daly.

Sarony

Rose Coghlan

Dion Boucicault

Katherine Rogers

These disagreements and jealousies were in after years wiped out, and the three managers became the best of friends. In Wallack's declining days his brother managers and former rivals were sponsors for the famous Wallack testimonial held at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In 1887 Wallack was desirous of presenting his company at Daly's Theatre, his own theatre being occupied at the time by another organization. In reply to Wallack's request, Daly wrote:

"I will be very glad to give the shelter of my house to your very charming 'Poor Young Man,' which I recollect with pleasure as one of the very brightest successes of Wallack's Theatre—under whose roof I drank in my earliest draughts of refreshing comedy."

Previous to his company's opening, Mr. Wallack wrote to his manager:

"I hope to God that my people will not lower their standing by carelessness on Mr. Daly's stage."

Mrs. Brown Potter

In the late seventies Mr. Wallack began to look about for a location for a new theatre farther uptown. The site first selected was at the northeast corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. Other counsels prevailing, the present site at Thirtieth Street and Broadway was determined upon. In discussing his new location, its theatrical value and the future of his new house, Mr. Wallack said:

Eben Plympton

"It is in the vicinity of the large uptown hotels, convenient of access by many of the street railroads, and nearer by fifteen or twenty blocks to the majority of theatre-going people than the present Wallack's. As for the plans of management, they will be the same as those which have ruled Wallack's since the first house of that name was opened. As for plays, I prefer the Robertsonian to the 'Frou-Frou' or 'Camille' school, and have rejected many plays which I felt would make money, and they subsequently did so with other parties. But by remaining in what might be called a conservative channel, I have achieved sufficient success, satisfied my own judgment and withstood the critical test of experience. The ultimate result has been the establishment of what a portion of the public are pleased to designate as 'the Wallack's school of comedies.'"

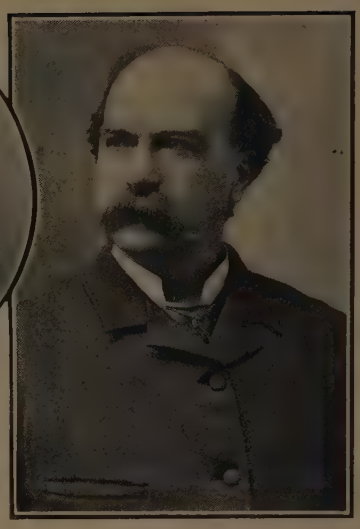
When asked to what he ascribed the position which he had reached in his profession, Mr. Wallack said: "To hard work, drudgery and constant study. I resigned the pleasures of the mess table to live on a paltry salary of one pound ten a week! Objecting to any dependence on family influence, I assumed the name of John Lester, by which I was known for several years. Many and many a time when I have been on a circuit in England, after a late performance, I have started for the next town on the route, studying a new part by the dim light of a lantern hanging in the omnibus which conveyed the company. I only mention this circumstance to indicate the hard work that every man and woman who expects to become successful in our profession must undergo, and as a suggestion to the numerous embryo Romeos, Juliets and Sir Charles Coldstreams, by whom I am weekly visited, who are ambitious to become suddenly famous, that there is no royal ladder to eminence on which they can climb without first creeping up the bottom rounds."

After many vexatious delays, worries and troubles, Wallack opened his new theatre on the 4th of January, 1882, with a performance of the "School for Scandal." He did not appear in the play, making his appearance only for a few moments between acts when he addressed the audience. He appeared in but three engagements in his own theatre, though appearing at other theatres in New York. Surrounded by a notable company, with the choice of the best plays the English stage had to offer, Mr. Wallack presented new play after new play, with now and then a revival of some of the old comedies and of the plays which had been successful at the old theatre. The pieces were presented with the same care and attention to detail

Falk E. S. Willard

Agnes Miller

Marie Burroughs



Tommaso Salvini

which had always marked Wallack's work, but success seemed to elude him. Artistic successes were frequent, but financial ones were few. Notable among the productions given by Mr. Wallack were: "The Silver King," "Taken From Life," "In His Power," "Hoodman Blind," "Harbor Lights," "Harvest," and "Youth." Of these, "Youth" and "The Silver King" were practically the only plays that brought in an adequate financial return. Plays by American authors which he presented were David Belasco's "Valerie," of which Wallack wrote to the author: "We must have another 'go' at the last act. The dialogues are infinitely too long and we have missed the opportunity for a strong scene for Mr. Bellew and Miss Robe. I rehearsed the two first acts yesterday." Other plays produced were "La Belle Russe," "Victor Durand," by Henry Guy Carleton, and "The Dominie's Daughter," by David Lloyd. What might be justly termed the first "crook" play, of which species our stage has had such a surfeit the past few seasons, was a performance Mr. Wallack gave to the play by R. L. Stevenson and W. J. Henley, entitled "Deacon Brodie." The play seemed to make a profound impression, but I believe this was the only time it was ever presented. In the cast were E. J. Henley, Eben Plympton, Charles Groves, F. F. Mackay, and Annie Robe.

A. M. Palmer

In looking about for attractions for his theatre, Wallack turned to his old associate, Boucicault, and arrangements were partly consummated for the presentation of new plays written by that famous dramatist. The majority of productions made by Wallack in his new house were of the melodramatic type, and this class of play at that period Boucicault was opposed to, believing the public wanted comedy. In his negotiations with Wallack, through his son Arthur and Mr. Moss, Boucicault referred to his plan and of a misunderstanding that had arisen over one his plays in the following letter, written in Boston while he was playing at the old Museum:

"I did feel hurt when I compared the lavish expenses and care bestowed on the production of worthless melodrama by the management, with the indifference exhibited by the offer of a second-hand suit pulled out of your wardrobe, for my comedy. I thought, and I cannot help still thinking, it was an indignity *not intended*, I am sure, but arising from a want of faith in *comedy*, or perhaps in *me*. If you consider that last to be a reflexion on the management—then I am flattered. I mean to bring back comedy in its highest, best shape to the American stage. I desired to do it in Wallack's Theatre and under her flag. If not, I must do it elsewhere. Curiously enough, I am producing a new form of Meg Merriles here. The signal for the lighting of the bonfire and the rush of troops is given by Meg. *"The time is come! And the Man!"* Please God I shall fulfill the mission in the face of the sneers and ribaldry of the slop that infest the steps of the drama, and shall enlist the better part of the public in favor of the move. Time will show. Meanwhile, I am most willing to meet any expenses you think should fall on me in the production of my play. My gross receipts for the last three days, $5,238!"

In arranging for the cast of the play to be given, Boucicault expressed his wishes as regards an actress required in this fashion:

"We want a fresh and pretty girl, rather than a great actress. Now you ought to have a good line out of these sort, else you are not the father's son I think you. Pick me a Jaq rose—a sprig of hawthorne—an apple blossom—something without hair on its upper lip, that does not walk like a circus rider. All the kind I know are spoiled by experience and are only fit to star—all made of bang cheek and wriggle. Look me up something clean and crisp and unhandled by the variety showmen (if there be such an article)."

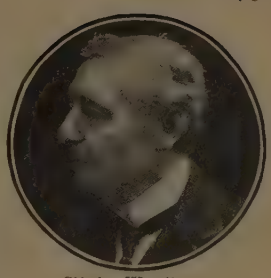
It was Boucicault who, when connected with Wallack in producing at the old Wallack's on Thirteenth Street, applied to the management of Palmer at the Union Square Theatre the appellation of "curbstone managers." Palmer had in preparation an adaptation of a French play, entitled "Led Astray." Boucicault had another version of the same piece, and it was being rushed along for presentation at Wallack's in order to anticipate Palmer's production. Boucicault and Wallack were accused of enticing Palmer's leading man, Charles Thorne, away from him, and Palmer in turn was taxed with taking from Daly's company Clara Morris and Sara Jewett. Palmer spoke of Boucicault as "That old man, worse than the plague. He is jealous and envious." Boucicault retorted with the phrase quoted above, and the merry managerial war went on.

The finances of Wallack's grew worse instead of better, and finally Lester Wallack was compelled to accept the inevitable. The house which had so long borne his name passed into the hands of

Sarony Julia Arthur

Sarony Maurice Barrymore

Maude Adams


Charles Wyndham

others and Mr. Wallack made his farewell appearance as an actor on the stage of the Grand Opera House at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, May 29, 1886. During the last two years of his life there was not much else left for Mr. Wallack to do but visit the various playhouses. I remember one of these visits was to his old theatre at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, of which at the time I was manager. At the conclusion of the performance he came into my office, and for some few minutes lived over the past history of the house with which his name had been so long connected. He was quite lame, and as he started to leave the theatre I offered him my arm. Shaking the cane with which he walked, and bending over like an old man, he repeated those lines of Jacques, *"The lean and slippered pantaloon."* Then, straightening up and raising his monocle to his eye, with the same genial smile and courtly grace that seemed a part of him, he walked to the carriage in waiting, and as he drove off called out in his cheery manner, "Shall come down again some day." But that day never came, and thus did Lester pay the last visit to the theatre that had been the scene of some of his greatest triumphs. It was the theatre he loved. It recorded the happiest years of his life. As his father had said in the beginning: "It's John's venture — he must stand or fall by it." He carried it to historic success.

Henry E. Abbey

Mary Anderson

Maurice Grau

For his new theatre farther uptown he had but little attachment. Lester Wallack lived long enough to see the fortune that he had worked so faithfully to accumulate almost totally obliterated. He lived long enough to learn how a public can forget its one-time idol.; he lived long enough to feel the pain of an illness that literally forced him off the stage. There were many, very many sad hours in the great actor's last days, and perhaps the saddest hour was the night of his great benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House, where Booth and Barrett and Modjeska and Jefferson and Florence, and many members of his one-time company, all old-time friends and companions, were appearing to raise a fund for the declining days of the one-time public idol. They were all there that night; all the great artists, all society, all the great public, every one, indeed, but the man himself. It was much like "Hamlet" with the Prince left out. Loud calls from the front of the house came for "Wallack." Where was he? Up to that moment he had not been thought of. There was a hurrying and a scurrying, and messengers were sent post-haste for the man who sat alone in his home only a few blocks away, suffering from illness, forgotten and neglected, on the night he should have been fêted. At first he refused to go, but better counsels prevailed, and when he appeared before the curtain he received a welcome that brought the tears to his eyes. This, his last appearance before the public, took place on May 21, 1888. He died at Stamford the following September, and shortly after his name was removed from the doors of his one-time theatre and another's put in its place. As Lawrence Hutton, in his introduction to Mr. Wallack's book of memories, so truthfully wrote: "With him died the name of Wallack, which in his own art and in his own person he did so much to adorn. With him, too, died Young Wilding, Rover, Alfred Evelyn, Hugh Chalcote and Elliott Grey. For forty years, as actor and manager, he was one of the most prominent figures upon the American stage; and his place there is no one to fill."

Pach
Richard Mansfield

At the beginning of the season of 1887 and 1888, Mr. Wallack retired from active work and his theatre was turned over to Henry E. Abbey, who had previously managed the Park Theatre at Twentieth Street and Broadway, and who later became manager of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Abbey in assuming management surrounded himself with a strong company, many of whom had been members of the Wallack Company. In his prospectus Mr. Abbey promised that "the Wallack's of to-day would be conducted with the same traditions as the Wallack's of the olden times." A revival of many of the former Wallack successes, one or two new plays that failed to make any lasting impression, marked the career of Mr. Abbey's management, and at the close of the season the financial deficit of the theatre had been added to by some thirty thousand dollars. The property had by this time passed into the full control of Theodore Moss, who had for many years been the adviser and associate of Mr. Wallack, beginning his apprenticeship in the theatre at Broome Street when the elder Wallack engaged him as assistant in the box-office at a salary of six dollars per week. Looking about for a new tenant for the theatre, Mr. Moss arranged with A. M. Palmer, for many years manager of the Union Square Theatre, and later of the Madison Square Theatre, who in the first negotiations intended to purchase the building. Owing to numerous restrictions in the lease of the ground on which the theatre stood, the proposed sale fell through. Mr. Palmer finally entered into an arrangement by which he was to manage the theatre, furnish the attractions and pay all losses.

One of the first acts of Mr. Palmer was to remove the name "Wallack" from the walls of the theatre and affix his own in its stead. This event took place barely a month after the death of Wallack, who, though he knew of the contemplated change, was spared the actual knowledge of seeing his name removed from the house founded by his father.

During the first seasons of his tenancy, Mr. Palmer presented the attractions managed by his brother managers, making no productions himself. Notable among these visiting companies was Mary Anderson's, under the management of Mr. Abbey, who presented that eminent actress in "The Winters Tale," which proved to be one of the most artistic and financial successes that Wallack's Theatre had ever known. Another notable artistic presentation was Mrs. James Brown-Potter's production of "Antony and Cleopatra," one of the finest stage pictures the theatre has ever beheld. Its financial return did not come up to expectations. Coquelin and Hading appeared under the direction of Maurice Grau, adding to the historic record of the house, while no addition was made to the treasury. Other notable actors appearing at the theatre during Palmer's management were Wyndham, Salvini, Mansfield, Jefferson, Florence, and Willard. The last-named artist appeared under the management of

Photo Genthe

ANN MURDOCK

Seen in "The Beautiful Adventure," and to appear shortly in a new play by Porter Emerson Browne

Palmer, and it was confidently hoped that the financial results of his engagement would go far toward reimbursing the theatre for its many losses. Willard appeared in his well-known character "The Middleman," and, while one of the great artistic successes of the time, the piece failed to draw in the manner anticipated. The company supporting Mr. Willard included such well-known names as Lysander Thompson, Charles Harbury, E. M. Bell, Marie Burroughs, Maxine Elliott, Katherine Rogers, and Agnes Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, John Drew, who made his début as a star; Rose Coghlan, Mrs. Langtry, Olga Nethersole, Julia Marlowe and her then husband, Robert Taber, and Georgia Cayvan, were among the list of other notable stars who appeared at the theatre, while in the various supporting companies and in the casts of plays given their first presentation at the theatre were names that to-day are among those "stellarized." Maude Adams was in John Drew's company, Viola Allen and Henry Miller supported Marie Wainwright. When Bronson Howard's play "Aristocracy" was given, those employed included Blanche Walsh, Viola Allen, Paul Arthur, Wm. Faversham, Fred'k Bond, Bruce McRae, and Wilton Lackaye; while among the artists enacting Oscar Wilde's comedy, "Lady Windermere's Fan," were Maurice Barrymore and Julia Arthur, members of Palmer's company at the time.

Among the first of the many societies formed for the purpose of uplifting the stage, and otherwise, was one known as the "Theatre of Arts and Letters." Desirous of obtaining public attention, the members of the society leased the theatre from Mr. Palmer for a brief period and produced plays written by members of the organization. They engaged the principal members of Palmer's company and presented products from the pens of Brander Matthews, E. W. Presbrey and Mary E. Wilkins. The plays given were: "The Decision of the Court," "Giles Corey-Yeoman," and a dramatization of Frank Stockton's novel, "The Squirrel Inn." This "uplift" movement did not meet with any public appreciation, the nightly receipts scarcely reaching one hundred dollars.

The summer seasons of the theatre were given over to various musical organizations, and in the casts of many of these productions may be found the names of those who to-day occupy the front rank of stellardom—De Wolf Hopper, Jefferson de Angelis, Digby Bell, Henry E. Dixey. Among these musical organizations was one which in its way was a sensation, in that it pleased the public for a longer period than any entertainment of a similar character, continuing for nearly a year to excellent receipts. The name of this exhibition was "1492," and in the cast were many who to-day occupy prominent positions in their profession, but who were then but little known—Walter Jones, E. M. Favor, W. H. Sloan, John C. Slavin, and Hattie Williams. Two members of the company who were great favorites with the public were Mark Smith and Theresa Vaughn, both of whom have long since joined the great majority.

While many of these attractions were financially successful, the returns were not sufficient to place the house on a paying basis, and disaster overtaking Mr. Palmer, he passed from public view as one of New York's leading managers. The theatre again reverted to Mr. Moss, and my own connection with the house began. One of the first acts performed after the leave-taking of Palmer was the removal of his

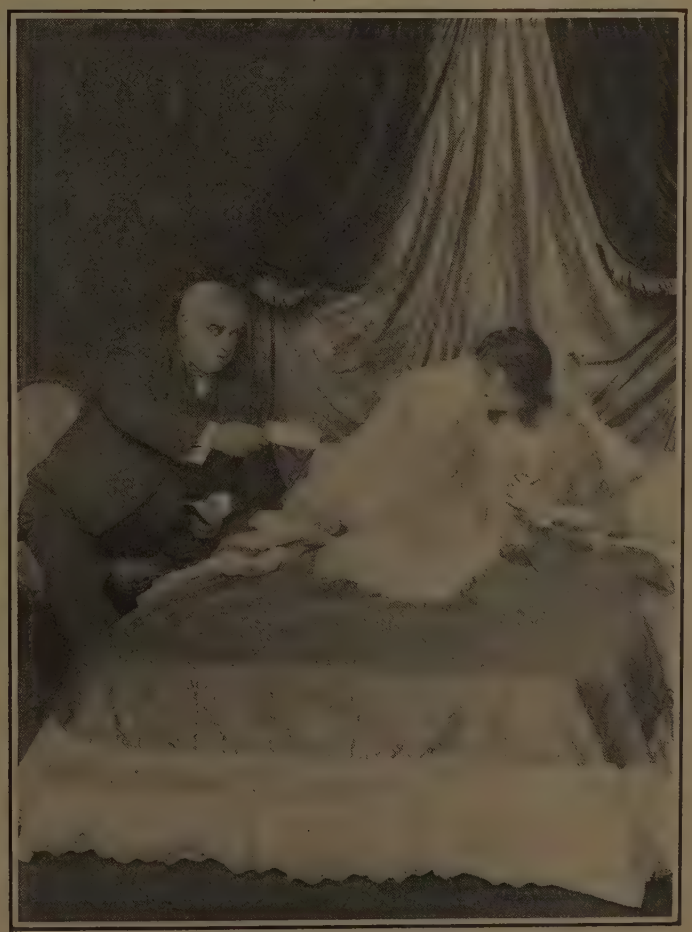
(Continued on page 94)

Scenes in Edward Sheldon's Play "The Song of Songs" at the Eltinge

Photos White Anna (Dorothy Donnelly), Senator Calkins (John Mason)
Act II. Senator Calkins: "You hate her because I married her"

Richard Laird (Cyril Keightley), Lily (Irene Fenwick)
Act II. Lily: "For God's sake, get out, here comes my husband!"

Irene Fenwick, Ernest Glendinning
Act III. Lily: "All my life I've been looking for the real song of songs"



Thomas A. Wise, Irene Fenwick
Act IV. Mr. Bennett: "It's a good thing to have a bank account"

Photo White

SCENE IN "ACROSS THE BORDER," THE WAR PLAY RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

WAR PLAYS

TO refrain is too much to expect of human nature. There *must* be war plays on the way; topics that fill the daily papers cannot be kept off the boards, and in this particular theatrical season, when timeliness is almost the greatest factor to secure success, a flood of war plays are to be looked for. The "movies" are already showing the splendors and miseries of the armed camps, and the theatre proper, howbeit disdaining the thought of rivalry, nevertheless acknowledges by its works that the rivalry exists. Doubtless many of the known and many more of the "mute, inglorious" band of playwrights are devising scenes and scenarios wherein the clash of armies, the roar of howitzers and siege guns, are to furnish the excitement. Out of this turmoil will come war plays—so much is certain—what is doubtful is their quality; will there come a good one?

Like all advance criticism, this question may seem impertinent, but it really is pertinent, for the history of the drama shows no good war play, considered strictly as such. Innumerable attempts have been made to write and to build them; a few real plays with war as their background do exist in various literatures, but one has only to see these pieces acted, or even to read them, to realize that they were not written for exploiting the war idea, and they are good for the same reason that a play without that idea is good, because they tell a human story and characterize human nature. "L'Aiglon" may be instanced here. People call it a sort of war play because it shows the field of Wagram. Truly this sorrowful story of the French Hamlet would have made its full effect without that scene, at least out of France, and the piece is no more a war play than Shakespeare's is.

And, in fact, if you analyze any of the so-called war plays of any literature you will find that war, however strong its voice in the playwright's opening chorus, dies away in a distant rumble as the true protagonists take the stage. In the acceptable drama the conflict which makes them so is the conflict of individuals, not the armed strife of nations.

So the busy playwrights, anxious to finish their product before the dawn of a much-desired peace, have their work cut out, and it is the hardest kind of work. A holy war, a righteous war, forcing the end of an inglorious peace, is the only kind that can expect to have a general appeal on the stage, for with that to recommend it the interest still must go to individuals.

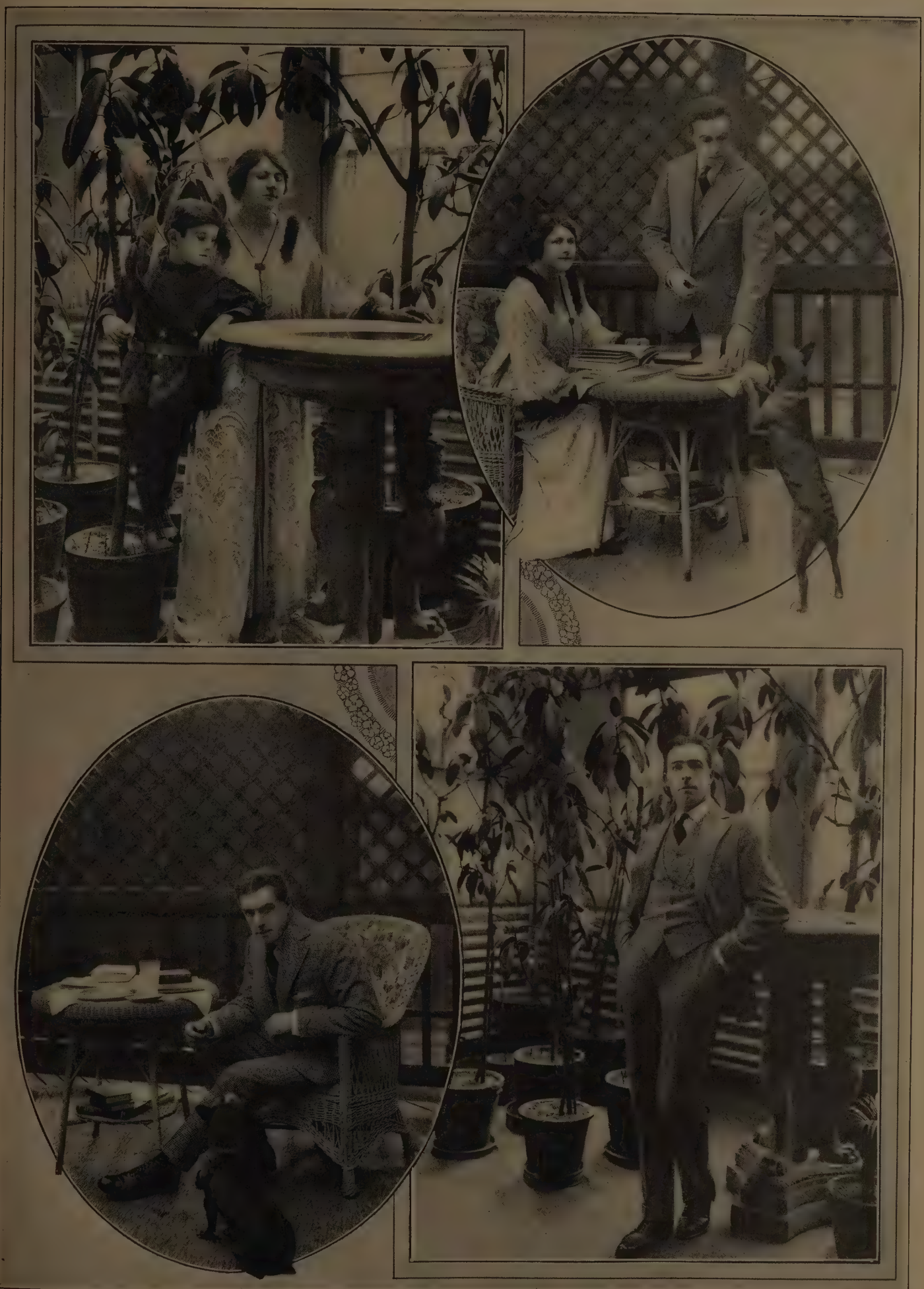
To write a long list of plays which have in their day figured as war plays would neither prove nor disprove anything, except this: that they were so written as to deserve recognition from posterity, or not; if they were, they got it, and if they were badly done nobody remembers them; certainly the fact that they exploit a passage at arms, a battle or a war, never kept bad plays out of the limbo of forgetfulness. Dryden's enormous product includes at least two dozen war plays, and they are the deadest in our literature. He loves alarms and excursions, but while one ode devoted to them in a spectacular way is spouted by every schoolboy, the plays of this poet in which war as a spectacle figures even more grandiloquently are quite lost to all but the bibliophile.

The first war plays that naturally recur to the Anglo-Saxon mind are Shakespeare's Histories. These are war plays, indeed, if any exist in English. Armies march and countermarch through them, battles are joined, lost or won, cities are besieged and taken, the sights and sounds of sixteenth century warfare are constantly heard and seen; they are perhaps the model war plays of our language, and Shakespeare's free hand was the only hand to deal with them. But think for a moment, not one of these stirring Histories, or but one, holds our interest because of the war element. Love, jealousy, sacrifice, generosity, revenge, individual passions, common to peace as to times of war, combine to dwarf the acknowledged theme. The passion of Constance, the fate of Arthur, make the tragedy of the play "King John." What if they pass in front of the serried lines of the French and English armies, those armies are passive, and we view them as we would any other background.

"Henry V" is the exception referred to in Shakespeare's Histories where the bard did not try to cover this lack of appeal by his great power of characterization, and this play, which actually is a war play, and pretends to be nothing else, is, considered as acting drama, the poorest Shakespeare left. War in this play is everything, bluff Harry's wooing of Katherine is an incident. From the stirring address at Calais to the triumphal march through London the piece is a commentary of war, and chiefly valuable as that. War play as they call it, it is really no play, only a series of war scenes, and the proof of this somewhat bald statement is that it is seldom done and even more seldom successful.

"Tamerlaine," an older play—the play in which Marlowe with his "mighty line" gave English verse a new expression—is of war, a war of conquest. Five thrones are overthrown in this drama, we see them tumbling; five Asian monarchs are harnessed to Tamerlaine's chariot, we see them draw it; and with this statement of fact the playwright's fancy may be dismissed. Except for the harmonies of its highly exaggerated speech, war play as it is *par excellence*, "Tamerlaine" holds no modern interest; the-

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



Photos taken especially for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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No. 12: Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham

atrically its situations repeat themselves and are childishly thin and monotonous.

The difficulty, almost stupendous, of contriving a human story, one of general interest and fitting it into the noisy elements of war, is what makes the hardened playwright shy of attempting the task. The neophyte will be much more keen to jump in. He may take a certain courage in the knowledge that the miracle has happened once or twice, and who knows, it may happen in this case? Every great cataclysm has been responsible for a new growth of playwrights; every great war has found its hardy historian on the stage. That few of them succeeded is what keeps the record down. It needn't, and it surely will not, stifle aspiration. The wars of Charles V (in their magnitude and extent not dissimilar to the wars raging now) brought forth dramas in French, Spanish and German; dramatic incidents like the capture of French Francis, the defection of Bourbon, Bayard's death, invited the playwright's pen. These were dramatic events, indeed, and they were at once exploited throughout the Holy Roman Empire. This vast dramatic literature has been long forgotten. One romance of the period, "Cinq Mars," still lives; the plays are dead.

It may be that to win the applause of their own day was sufficient recommendation and recompense, and it is possible to be too pessimistic about any theme for the theatre. There are big rewards for the playwright who shall put on the stage that delightful character of our Civil War, the immortal captain who drove his men to the charge with the words: "Forward! and if any man is killed I'll make him a corporal." Or that other cynical leader who put to rout a superior force entrenched on a ridge, because his men were new troops and didn't know any better than to charge up there.

But an entirely different spirit will have to infuse war plays in times of war than that which is shown in "Arms and the Man." It is not possible to play with the subject when audiences feel deeply. And it always will be possible to arouse enthusiasm for the forlorn hope when war is in the air. The playwright who could dramatize a *"Charge of the Light Brigade"* wouldn't lack for favor or money.

Success by similar means was won for a melodrama, "Burmah," that in other scenes showed poor stuff. This was put on at the American Theatre at a time when rapid-fire guns were a new equipment of soldiers, and when at the command "Forward" a little band of red coats rushed a summit where the enemy was working these deadly weapons, rushed it in a continuous fire, amid a horrible din, with the roar of the artillery drowning the voice of command, the effect may not have been produced by art, but it was very exciting and thrilling.

Photo Floyd

MARGUERITE KEELER
Who is now appearing in vaudeville

Intensely vital plays have grown out of the French Revolution, where romance, mystery, pathos, passion, and every element belonging by right to the drama, abounded. These plays are not in any sense war plays, although they are usually put on that list. War plays were written during that awful period, but they are without exception turgid and tiresome. Beaumarchais, author of the successful "Marriage of Figaro," itself an influence to bring about the revolution, while in exile wrote a war play which proved a hopeless failure. All the dramatists of the epoch, and lapping over the consulate and the Empire, tried their hands at the sort of play—one full of the atmosphere if not the din of war—but they were invariably unsuccessful. The playmakers of Napoleon's glorious days were commissioned to put some of his glory on the stage. Money, position, and the knowledge that the Emperor would hear of them were not inspiriting enough to bring this about. In fact, in times of war, playgoers like to see bucolic peace in the theatre.

The successors of the Imperial playwrights failed equally whenever they lessened the human interest and trusted to scenes of massed men for their effects. A play about the Revolutionary period, which is interesting for a special reason, is Ernest Renan's "Abbesse de Jouarre." While many of the scenes are played in the Conciergerie, they might be played anywhere, for the piece is a dialogue of passion, and the Revolution is but the god in the machine. It is an absolute misfit to put this strange play in any war catalogue.

Modern playwrights seem to have learned that the interest of audiences in battles is always subsidiary to its interest in persons. That should seem like a truism, but a man as clever as Dumas, who was equipped by Nature to write for the theatre if ever a man was, took a long time to learn this, and had many failures while learning it. At last he did learn that to write a play that should succeed he had first to interest his audience in his guardsman or his jester, and second in the "scraps" they engaged in.

Scrutinizing the war play "Rivoli," where Napoleon is the hero, one measures how very little is made of war material by modern hands. The opening scene shows the outposts of the First Consul's army. The action begins later, not on the field of battles, but in Josephine's chamber, and three persons, Napoleon, Josephine and another male character, carry through the plot. One more scene, a night scene, with the tents of the army in the background and a little group of officers huddled around a campfire. It is the night before Rivoli; there is a speech of Napoleon, very like one of his manifestos; there are huzzars and *voilà tout.* Yet this assumes to be an up-to-date war play!

Schiller's "Wallenstein," which is really three plays, devotes one of them to the *Lager,* camp

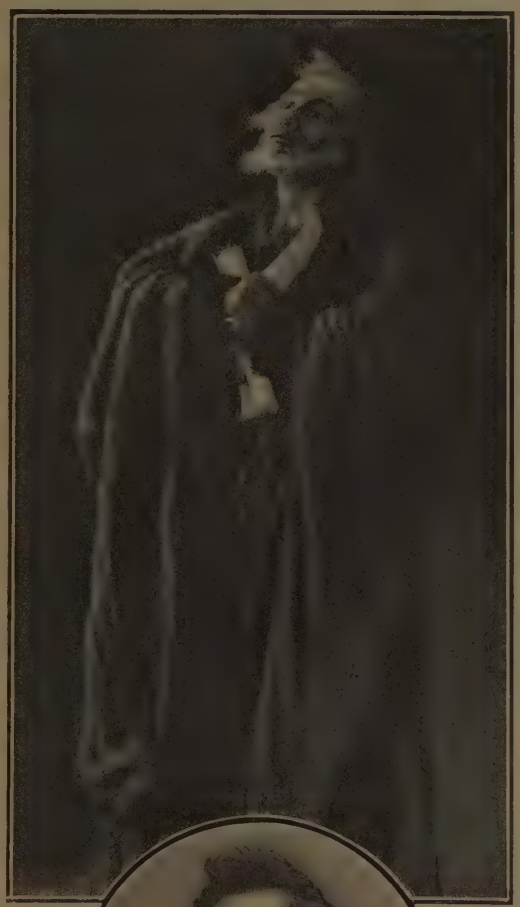
(*Continued on page* 90)

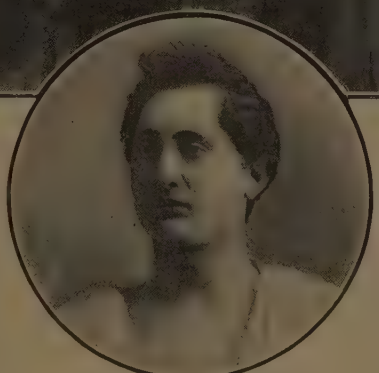
THE THEATRE OF THE GHETTO

NOT long ago there was a funeral in New York's East Side. Even in a neighborhood where human nature is commonly exposed and unhampered by the garments of convention, and where consequently the celebration of any human crisis, like a birth, a death or a marriage, is marked by the exhibition of more raw emotion than is customary in communities that pretend to refinement, this funeral was remarkable. Thirty thousand sweating, panting, half hysterical men and women jammed Second Avenue and fought for vantage points from which to glimpse the crepe-covered coffin held by six pall-bearers, who were surrounded by ten times as many pushing, swearing policemen.

The body in the coffin was not that of a president, a military hero, nor was it even the clay of a popular politician. The black wooden box held all that was left of an actor—Sigmund Mogulesko, a homely, uneducated Jewish comedian, whose fame had hardly reached Broadway, two blocks off, but whose personal friend was every one of the thirty thousand Jews who formed a strange funeral cortège as they marched through the streets of the Ghetto, singing the songs of the dead comedian and weeping as they sang.

Can anyone imagine such a demonstration at the obsequies of an American actor, properly so-called, or at the last rites of an American exponent of any art, for that matter? We Americans have no national art, baseball excepted. Art is merely an incident with us. Both with the Jews art, or at least the art of the theatre, is a national institution.





Jacob Adler as Shylock
(Inset) Jacob Adler in 1889

DAVID KESSLER
In "The Master of the House"

Few Gentiles realize that side by side with the American stage there exists a Yiddish theatre, organized much like the other, with New York as the fountain head, permanent footholds in Philadelphia and Chicago, and a profitable "road" that includes Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, and smaller cities. In fact, wherever there is a Jewish colony of four or five hundred families there is at least one night's profitable business for a touring company, and the job of a Yiddish theatrical advance agent is a sinecure, for in these small towns the arrival of a company of actors is the signal for a national demonstration.

The Yiddish theatre is worth knowing. Not only has it exerted an appreciable influence on the American stage through the contribution of plays and players in return for the inevitable impress it has received from Broadway, but it stands to-day as the best example of the *théâtre intime* in this country. We Americans once took our stage seriously, and in the days of Booth and before a prominent actor had as much of a personal following as the newspaper column conductors and "sob" writers have to-day. But the time has passed with us when a controversy over the comparative merits of two actors may assume such proportions that it is necessary to call out the militia to quell it. The muse is pale to-day and goes among us with a limp.

In the Ghetto it is different. The Jew who does not go to the theatre is an anomaly, and most of the race, from babyhood to senility, get their principal amusement over the footlights. Everyone of the large Yiddish theatres of the country, particularly the four most important ones in New York, Kessler's, Thomashefsky's, Adler's and Lobel's, each controlled by an actor whose name is something to conjure with in his community, has a well-established clientèle familiar with every characteristic of the actors in the company as a baseball fan is familiar with the personal idiosyncracies of the members of the home nine. When Adler, the giant of the Yiddish stage, responds to a curtain call he unwigs with a flourish and singles out members of the audience for personal salutation. When he or any other celebrity of the stage strolls down Second Avenue in New York or Twelfth Street in Chicago, perhaps to step into one of the theatrical cafés, the atmosphere of which is more comparable to that of an Elizabethan coffee house than to anything we Gentiles have in this century, he is preceded by half a dozen admirers, nicknamed "patriots," who from sheer exuberant adulation go before the great man or woman crying out, "Here is the great Adler!" or Kessler, or what not, and vieing with each other for the privilege of holding their idol's coat or lighting his cigar.

The Yiddish theatre, like the English, had its origin in the church. The first playwright, Abraham Goldfadden, who launched the theatre in Roumania in 1878, despite the prohibition of the Talmud, had been a composer of religious songs up to that time, and the first actor, the late Mogulesko, was a cantor when Goldfadden met him. The stage grew rapidly in Roumania and Russia, and among the actors who began their

MALVINE LOBEL
In "Everywoman"

careers about this time were David Kessler, Boris Thomashefsky, Jacob Adler and Mme. Lipzin, all of whom are still playing. In 1884 the ban of the Russian Government, which professed to see in the theatre of the Ghetto a hotbed of political conspiracy, drove the Jewish actor to New York, which has been the centre of the Jew's theatrical world ever since.

White PAULINE FREDERICK IN "INNOCENT," ON TOUR

The first plays were historical operatic *mélanges,* of which the themes were usually the persecution of the Jews by the Inquisition in Spain or by the Government in Russia. Their artistic value was slight, but it was hardly less than most of the adaptations of English, German, Russian and French plays that were in vogue a little later. The production of the first original Yiddish play of any importance, "Siberia," by Jacob Gordin, in 1892, was a milepost in the development of the Judeo-German drama and marked the advent of a literary genius. Gordin and Adler, who produced many of the former's plays, were more than any others responsible for the growth of the Yiddish drama to the position it came to hold in the twentieth century.

These two men considered it their mission to make the Yiddish stage interpretative of the serious life of their people, and they introduced the note of realism which has remained the dominant one in the theatre of the Jew to this day. Gordin, in such plays as "The Jewish King Lear," "The Wild Man," "The Jewish Priest," "The Russian Jew in America," and "The Pogrom," dealt with the trials of his race in the old country and its struggles to get a foothold in the new. He exerted a profound influence on the other playwrights of his race, and when he died several years ago he left behind him a school of realistic writers, of which the best were Rosenfeld, Korbin, Winchevsky and Libin, who are writing to-day.

The insidious influence of Broadway could not be entirely held back, even by Gordin, and there began to be introduced translations and adaptations of that popular class of plays, of which "The Talker," "The Thief," "Bought and Paid For," "Madame President," and "Within the Law," are later examples, and especially plays of lesser calibre, so-called plays of the day, rewritten perhaps from the drama of the movies. Good original Yiddish plays have become scarcer and scarcer up till this year, since the high-water mark of the Ghetto drama was reached ten years ago when David Belasco, Mark Twain, Professor Wiener, of Yale, and other producers and critics from the larger field outside were frequently visitors at the old Thalia Theatre on the Bowery, where Gordin's plays were then running.

To combat the tide of decadence the Hebrew Drama League was organized by a number of critics, journalists, playwrights and actors, who staged in a little garret in lower New York plays of Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Brieux, Sudermann and other modern writers, translated by themselves. Those few producers who had all along fought the encroachment of burlesque and melodrama took heart at this, and during the past season signs have not been wanting that a literary reanimation has set in. Most hopeful is the entrance of two young playwrights of promise, Mark Arnstein and Jacob Pearlman, whose *nom de guerre* is Ossip Dimoff. Both are Russian Jews, and although they have been writing for the Yiddish stage in America only a year, both have already won the approval of the critics and the public.

Two especially noteworthy plays by Dimoff were produced last season, "The Eternal Wanderer," a splendid example of the best modern impressionistic tragedy, and "The Hired Bridegroom," a comedy filled with robust, philosophic humor and clear-cut irony. Both these plays enjoyed long runs, an indication of the soundness of taste of the Yiddish public. This success was the more remarkable in the case of "The Hired Bridegroom," first, because its plot is rather weak, and second, because it is a comedy. The Jew is a stickler for plot driving home a moral, as a rule, and successful comedies are few and far between in the Ghetto, although mediocre tragedies filled with chiaroscuro of pathos and buffoonery fre-

Bushnell

DONALD MACDONALD
Playing a leading rôle in "At the Ball"

quently draw big houses. The Russians have a saying that "A Jew likes to smile through his tears." The pathos of the Yiddish play is the pathos defined by Plato as "something that purges"; it is a moral bath.

Sometimes the playwrights seem to go out of their way to wring a few tears from the audience. In one of the inane operettas, plotless and witless, which some Yiddish managers, alas have taken from their cousins of the Broadway theatrical trust, there is a striking example of this straining for a sob. The heroine, the languorous "Lil-lee," has accepted the hero, whose father is really the man of her choice, when the said father rises from a couch on which he has been sitting and stumbles down stage, gratuitously announcing that he has gone blind. The curtain descends, leaving him pawing the air like a madman, while the other players on the stage chorus, "He is blind! He is blind! He is blind!"

The interspersion of English words and phrases, by the way, with the German-Hebrew jargon that is Yiddish, in all plays where the setting is laid in America, is an illustration of the Jew's passion for naturalness on the stage. The American Jew, as a matter of fact, does mingle English with his Yiddish, and hence it is that while a person whose only language is English might sit through an entire performance of such a play as Miller's "The Informer," in which the action takes place abroad, without understanding a word that was spoken, at a play like Libin's "The Cripple," or like that of the operetta already referred to, where the scenes are laid this side of the Atlantic, he might catch such phrases as "My dear old lady, I am very sorry," or "I fixed him proper," or "Heinie, sweetheart, I'm a regular lady, ain't it?"

It is this same quality of naturalness that is the best feature of the acting that one sees on the Semitic stage, and it is no slur on the playwrights of the Ghetto to say that the chief excellence of the Jewish theatre lies in the quality of the acting. Second Avenue has given Broadway a number of capable players, the most talented, of course, being Mme. Bertha Kalich, but with the exception of that one actress the cream of the Yiddish stage has remained in its natural environment. Only the Yiddish accent has held off Adler and the late Mogulesko from national reputations. Kessler, whose fine physique and Socratian head make him a figure to compel attention on any stage, once appeared in an English play and was well received in Boston, but failed to pass the gauntlet of the Metropolitan critics and has never made a second try for laurels in the broader field. Mme. Malvine Lobel has to her credit triumphs in English at the London Coliseum, and in German under the direction of Max Rheinhardt at Berlin. It is no exaggeration to say that the acting of Adler, Mme. Adler—who is a capable tragedienne—Mme. Lobel, Mme. Lipzin, Kessler, Thomashefsky, Bernstein, and Jacob Katzman, is frequently up to the highest standard of the American stage. Of course, the Jewish actor plays under certain palpable disadvantages. The stage accessories are far from adequate in most of the theatres, and the fact that the Yiddish theatrical company is a quasi stock company and puts on a great many plays in the course of one season means that many poorly rehearsed plays are given to the public. The presence of the prompter, whose head is thrust through a hole down the center of the stage and protected from the view of the audience by a painted tin hood, would never be tolerated by an English audience. Yet with all these drawbacks a lover of downright good acting can often find more of it to the square inch on a Yiddish stage than on the boards of a Gentile playhouse.

As for the merits of individual (*Continued on page* 91)

Bangs

VIOLET HEMING
Now appearing in "The Lie," at the Harris

A Purely London Type of Actor Visits Our Stage

White

KENNETH DOUGLAS
Appearing in "A Pair of Silk Stockings," at the Little Theatre

KENNETH S. DOUGLAS is a purely London type that is visiting for the first time our stage. Of English provincial actors that pay us visits there are many. Of actors who come fresh from recent London successes to display their laurels and bid for local additions to their wreaths and their coffers there are far from few. Mr. Douglas, who is the chief performer, likewise the director of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," at the Little Theatre, is unique in being an essentially London product.

He was born in London. For fifteen years he has played continuously, during the season, in London. For the last ten years he has been directing London productions, as well as playing the chief comedy rôles in his own productions. We are justified in assuming that he represents the London theatrical point of view.

"What do London managers most impress upon their actors?" I asked Mr. Douglas, trying not to be disconcerted by what I saw behind the monocle. Could the monocle be playing tricks? Surely that was a twinkle in the cool, gray eye behind it. English eye or London eye? Which? Study Kenneth S. Douglas and you will perceive that there is a difference.

"They don't teach them much. They assume that if a man is an actor he knows his business or will soon absorb it. There is very little that is didactic about London stage methods. It is a great privilege to have been with Sir Charles Wyndham and Mrs. Kendal. That was my privilege. Anyone who is as keen for the stage as I was could not help getting a great deal from them both. Watching Sir Charles one learned how he opened a door, how he turned around, how he read his speeches, and the value he gave to the pause, which is pretty nearly all there is of acting—that pause. Mrs. Kendal is so great an artist that one can but know that everything she does is quite right. She has an unerring sense of stage values!"

"Were there no precepts?"

"Yes, one." For an instant there was warmth on the cool eye behind the monocle. "I went to the theatre not feeling fit. I had been ill, and told Sir Charles so. He answered: 'Go and drink a bottle of champagne, if you can get it. If you can't, pretend you've had it and act accordingly.' That's good advice. I've followed it."

For no explainable, or at least explained, reason, young Kenneth S. Douglas, born in London, elected to become a market gardener. He admits sadly, "I didn't make a go of it." Two combined influences turned his chastened steps toward the stage. A neighbor of his was a brother of Maurice Hewlett. Said neighbor listened to the Douglas stories, and after each telling, stared at the solemnly comic face and said: "Ken, you should go on the stage." Also if a man has a sister who is on the stage, and if she persists in talking shop while she is at home, a fellow can't help taking an interest, you know, especially if he is confronted with the necessity of finding a new and more profitable means of livelihood.

Weedon Grossmith dashed up to a London theatre and asked its manager: "Do you know where I can find a boy to play Bullock Major in 'The New Boy'?" 'One just left here five minutes ago,' said the manager. 'He's had no experience except playing as an amateur in "Box and Cox," but I believe he'll do.'"

Whereupon Mr. Grossmith secured his address and reached Mr. Douglas's home as soon as he did, engaging him for Bullock Major. He played with "The New Boy," at Terry's Theatre, for a year. At once he was recognized as a comedian of unusual gifts. He was Tom in "One Summer Day," the Minister in "The Little Minister," George Leete in "The Marrying of Ann Leete," Lieutenant Seeten Boyne in "Beauty and the Barge," Lieutenant Alan Hartley in "The Drums of Oude," Colin in "Josephine," Freddie Perkins in "Mrs. Dot," Harding O'Grindle in "The O'Grindles," Paul Barton in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" Richard Beaufort in "Dad," and Joseph in "Joseph Entangled."

"There are only two parts I have ever cared to play aside from comedy," said the man behind the monocle. This time there was no twinkle behind the tiny windowpane. "Those are Mercutio and Sir Charles Surface. I suppose I shall have to put them up myself."

Then came a purely London point of view.

"You have much greater character actors here than we have. The London actor doesn't care to do character work. A great deal of his success depends upon his social life there, the persons he meets and with whom he forms friendships. Audiences can't get beneath the skin of a strongly marked character over there. They don't get the difference. If an actor plays a boor he must be a boor. Therefore they don't want to know him. That is what most of theatre-going London thinks. So a man does not want to hide himself behind a character part."

So busy had he been with his production of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" that he had seen no plays in America.

"But I like this country. You've all been very good to me."

And so we have. We have taken him to our hearts for the rare ripe comedy he gives us.

ADA PATTERSON.

ELSIE MACRAY
Leading lady with Cyril Maude in "Grumpy"

SCENE IN THE BROWN CELEBRATION PLAY, "IN COLONY TIMES," SHOWING THE MIMIC THEATRE WITH ITS ROWS OF BENCHES FILLED WITH SPECTATORS

Brown University Revives an Old Comedy

NOT the least interesting feature of the sesqui-centennial celebration of the founding of Brown University was the production of Sir John Vanbrugh's and Colley Cibber's famous comedy, "The Provoked Husband," and an enclosing play written by Albert E. Thomas, '94, and Henry A. Barker, '93, entitled "In Colony Times."

It so happened that circumstances intimately connected with the beginnings of the American stage were also associated with events leading up to the birth of one of America's oldest educational institutions. "The Provoked Husband," produced at Newport, September 7, 1761, was the first play to be given in New England, and when presented in Providence the following year, it was probably the last stage performance held in this part of the country for some time.

It was John Brown, cultured man of fortune and liberal patron of the drama—the man who some two years later was to lay the corner-stone of University Hall—who was largely responsible for the dramatic performances in Providence in 1762. John Brown was a merchant engaged in the West Indian trade, and hearing that Mr. David Douglass and "his comedians" had lately come to Newport from Virginia, with the high approval of that colony, he caused them to be transported up Narragansett Bay to Providence in his own ship. Many of the more ignorant and narrow-minded element in the town were against allowing "the play actors" to land. They did, however, and converting an old cow barn to their uses, they began giving regular dramatic performances about the first of July.

In Newport, Douglass appeased the bigoted by presenting his plays as "moral dialogues," but "the good people" of Providence were not to be hoodwinked. Douglass had opened his playhouse without consulting the town authorities. This so roused the ire of the opponents of the drama that they petitioned the General Assembly to suppress all theatrical entertainments. The idea found favor with the legislators and a bill was drafted and passed even while Douglass performed across the street. The animus which impelled the lawmakers was plainly evident in the severity of the act, imposing as it did a fine of $250 for each day's rental of a building for the presentation of plays, and upon the actor who performed, $500 Any freeholder could prosecute players violating the law, and to him went half the penalty upon conviction.

When the Brown University authorities sought a play suitable for presentation at the 150th anniversary celebration, "The Provoked Husband" and the strife and turmoil attendant upon its presentation in August, 1762, came to mind. What could be more fitting than to celebrate the founding of the University with a comedy intimately connected with the man whose name the college bears to-day, and moreover with one which has been acted by a long line of famous actors including Garrick, Peg Woffington, the Kembles, Macready, Phelps, and our own Charlotte Cushman since its initial production by Wilks and Nance Oldfield at Drury Lane.

Those in charge of the undertaking conceived the happy idea that the performance should be a play within a play and that the enclosing piece should relate in historical fashion the events leading up to and coincident with the performance on that fatal night when the law was passed prohibiting plays.

Accordingly Henry A. Barker set out to gather authentic historical incident and detail, and combine them into a narrative. Enlisting the sympathy and interest of A. E. Thomas in the work, he turned over to him the bare outline of the tale to clothe with pungent and fluent dialogue.

The rising of the curtain on Act I of "In Colony Times" disclosed a portion of Benefit Street at the corner of Gaol Lane. It was the Providence of 1762, then little more than a fringe of houses bordering upon the banks of the Great Salt River. To the right in the immediate foreground stood the new Colony House. Directly opposite was the Golden Ball Inn, and at a more oblique angle the former cow barn of Mr. Percival, now picturesquely labelled "Providence Histrionic Academy." In the middle distance, Rosemary Lane and the Friends Meeting House could be distinguished with the houses of the village in the valley below. Across the broad waters of the Great Salt River, Weybosset Point and the hills beyond were to be seen in perspective.

Grouped about a tree examining a playbill were the Rev Sepulchre White and his followers. White, be it known, was the unalterable foe of the theatre. Plays, he reasoned, gave pleasure; therefore they were things of the devil. The petition which White and his adherents had presented to the General Assembly languished in committee, and they grew restive. Should the Assembly fail him, White planned an assault upon the theatre.

John Brown entered in company with his friend Douglass. To White's ludicrous appeal that he "desert his evil ways," the actor replied with quiet courtesy, but John Brown joined contempt with bantering humor, and openly scoffed when shown the petition. To White succeeded John Arnold. *(Continued on page 92)*

Copy't Mishkin
Eleanor Painter

SOME RECENT HITS

DAINTY, light and airy as a bit of thistle-down, with a voice that is rich and vibrant, little Eleanor Painter is singing and dancing herself into the hearts of New Yorkers as Georgine in the first Dipple Company opéra comique, "The Lilac Domino." Miss Painter made New York sit up and take notice on the opening night, for New York is not used to hearing a grand opera voice in a light musical production. Born in Iowa and brought up and educated in Omaha and Colorado Springs, she is truly of the West—another little maid from the broad, breezy land that has contributed much to the theatrical, musical and artistic world of the East. As a child she sang continually, until her voice broke down while taking part in a Christmas cantata, which nearly broke her childish heart as well. For seven years she didn't sing, until, at the age of sixteen she was so inspired by reading Fothergill's popular "First Violin" that she decided to try her voice once more, and found that it had not entirely left her. She came to New York to study for one year, and received such encouragement that she was persuaded to go abroad to study in Berlin. This she did, and after but two years of splendid vocal training and persistent hard work she made her début at the Opera as Madame Butterfly. For two years she continued to sing there, scoring many triumphs in all the well-known lyric rôles. Besides this she created many parts in new operas. She left Berlin last season to sing Musetta in Puccini's opera, "La Bohême" at Covent Garden in London. This engagement was successful and then, with all her European laurels, she came back to be claimed by her own America.

What would a musical comedy be without a funny Englishman or Scotchman? And "The Only Girl" is a decidedly good musical comedy, even if it has a consistent plot and a legless chorus. Another unusual fact—the Scotchman in the case is really authentic. He is Ernest Torrence, whose face is so versatile that it can suggest an entire situation and express any emotion without even moving. Indeed, Ernest Torrence can send an audience into spasms of laughter by simply standing before the footlights and looking at them. But it was not always Mr. Torrence's ambition to make musical comedy audiences laugh. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, where he received his regular education, and decided to become a pianist and composer. He went to Stuttgart, Germany, where he studied the piano for some years, and then, on discovering that he had a voice, studied vocal culture at the Royal Academy, in London. Here he received the Westmoreland Scholarship and the gold medal for operatic singing. His first appearance was in "The Emerald Isle," the opera comique that Sir Arthur Sullivan was composing when he died, and which was finished by Edward German. His second operetta was also one of German's "Merrie England," and then he was seen as Azuriel in "The Princess of Kensington," as Bunker Bliss, the American millionaire in "The Earl and the Girl," and the Indian in "The Talk of the Town." Other musical comedies he played in in London were "The Duchess of Dantzig," "The Gay Gordons," "Our Miss Gibbs," and "Peggy." While he was singing in the latter he came to America to play the eccentric comedian in "Modest Suzanne," and at the end of that engagement he was engaged by Walter Damrosch for his short-lived "Dove of Peace." When the Dove fluttered to its early death he joined Kitty Gordon's company in "The Enchantress," playing the eccentric Baron Poff, and last season appeared in "The Marriage Market."

Adele Rowland

One can almost depend on finding that the villainness of a play is really a very nice lady off stage, just as much given to doing good as any of us, and the tough little soubrette in reality a modest, sweet and charming girl. It is certainly true of Adele Rowland, who plays Patrice La Montrose, or Patsy, as she is known, in "The Only Girl," with all the toughness and flipness one associates with singing and dancing soubrettes. Miss Rowland was born and educated in Washington, D. C. As a child she loved to pirouette before the big mirror in the attic, and the love grew until she realized that it was the expression of real dramatic talent. She studied the piano and violin and learned to sing a little, but her mother would not hear of her going on the stage. While visiting a married sister in Philadelphia, however, she joined the chorus of "The Country Girl," and finally, after the piece moved to Washington and her mother saw her play, she overcame the latter's objections to a stage career. She next joined "The Maid and the Mummy," singing in the chorus first, and after eight weeks was given the prima donna rôle. Then she played in "The Mayor of Tokio" and "The Spring Chicken," in which she played the Baroness Papouche. Later she was engaged by Frohman to appear in "The Little Cherub" with Hattie Williams, and with Christie MacDonald in "Miss Hook of Holland." She went to Chicago, where she played in "The Prince of To-night" and "The Flirting Princess," and Melville Ellis later gave her the part of Betty in "He Came from Milwaukee." After that she was in "The Kiss Waltz" and "A Modern Eve," in which she created and sang the *"Good-bye, Everybody"* song, and about a year ago she helped put on "A Modern Eve" at the Alcazar in San Francisco.

Photos White

Ernest Torrence, the funny Scotchman in "The Only Girl," showing his amusing facial grimaces at the telephone

A UNIQUE PREMIÈRE: SING SING CONVICTS WITNESSING THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF W. A. BRADY'S PRODUCTION, "SINNERS"
The above is from a flashlight photograph taken in the chapel of Sing Sing Prison, on Christmas afternoon, during the first performance on any stage of "Sinners," the new drama by Owen Davis. The occasion was entirely without precedent. There have been numerous vaudeville and minstrel acts, together with "legitimate" recitations in the various penitential institutions of the country, but so far as known, never until now a dramatic *première*

Matzene
Desmond Kelly

Big, breezy, wholesome as the very coast air on which she grew up, Desmond Kelly brought all her dominant personality to bear upon the part she was seen in recently at the Hudson Theatre in "The Big Idea." She made Elaine Foster just the sort of girl the author conceived, and together with that fine young player, Ernest Glendinning, gave a performance that was truly worth while. Miss Kelly was born in the very northwest corner of the United States—in Tacoma, Washington. At the end of her school course she realized that she must decide upon one or the other, either marry and settle down for life in Tacoma, or get away. She made up her mind to do the latter, and decided that the very best way to get away was to become an actress. Consequently, she joined a local stock company, beginning her career with a succession of maid parts and acting as general "utility woman." But she climbed steadily in the little company, until soon she became leading woman. After a year of this she came to New York and was signed up by Frohman, playing first in George Ade's comedy, "Just Out of College." After that she appeared with Ethel Barrymore as Jane Alderson, the sister, in Clyde Fitch's "Her Sister," following that with the part of the artist's model in "The Richest Girl," with Marie Doro. She left this to join William Gillette in "Samson," and then played with William Collier in "The Man from Mexico." Next she was seen as Vivette with John Drew in "Inconstant George," at the Empire. She went with Maude Adams to play Audrey in the special performance of "As You Like It," that was given in Berkeley, Cal. A few years ago she was William Courtenay's leading woman in "Arsene Lupin." Last year she was the stenographer in "Help Wanted."

White
Margot Williams

Just a sweet, modest little Southern girl, with a tingling laugh and merry face behind the scenes, and—presto On the stage she comes, preceded by her wild, drunken laughter, a sensuous, leering, inconsequential figure as Intoxication. A truly splendid performance is given by Margot Williams in George V. Hobart's allegory, "Experience," at the Casino. Not only that, but in another scene later in the evening she plays so entirely different a rôle as Frailty that one finds it hard to believe that both parts are played by the same girl. Pretty Miss Williams comes with a vaudeville and musical comedy reputation, and more or less training in ballet and the voice. Her father is a singer, and she took up voice culture with the intention of following in his profession, but gave up the idea to enter a theatrical career. Her first part was as Terzah in "Ben Hur," about six years ago. She remained with the production until it closed, and then went on the vaudeville stage with Hugh Herbert in "The Son of Solomon," leaving that later to go with Gus Edwards in his musical-vaudeville sketch, "Schoolboys and Girls."

YETTA D. GEFFEN.

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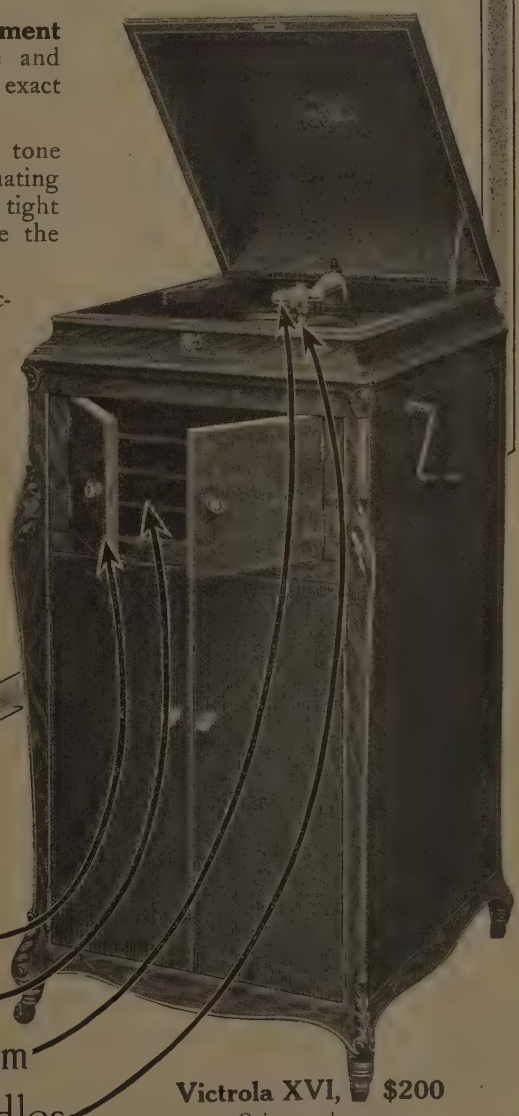

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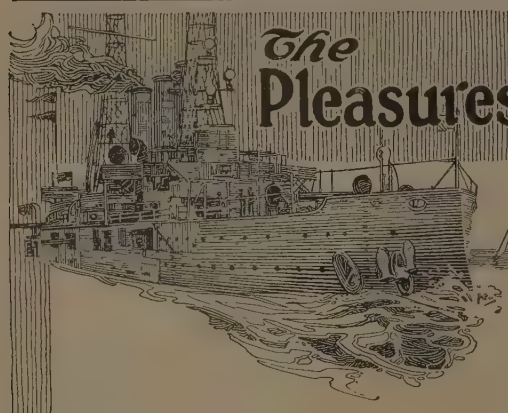

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WAR PLAYS

(Continued from page 80)

of the sulking General. It was never played with success and is rarely now attempted. The dramatic part of this fine triology is the Death of Wallenstein, incorrectly called a war play. In it we see nothing of the troops except in one scene, which represents the mess of the officers, but we see Wallenstein and his astrologer, we see Thecla and her unhappy lover, Max Picolomini, we see Butler, Wallenstein's assassin, and these characters combine into a tragic drama, with war for the background.

Against the din of war the dramatist fears to place his protagonists; when he is compelled to write a scene in which his people are supposed to outvoice cannon, he trembles. An act of D'Annunzio's "Francesca" passes in a mediaeval tower during a siege. This act was meant to be instructive; the author tried to teach us the uses of picturesque and obsolete weapons of defense, but despite the art of Duse, who pitted her gentle voice against explosions and awful detonations, the dramatist's dialogue degenerated into mere thunder, signifying nothing. A later instance of this futile attempt to act against noise was the battle scene in "The Daughter of Heaven"; everybody who saw Viola Allen strain her lungs attempting to make herself heard above the horrible din could feel only compassion.

American dramatists have contributed a good many bad plays to the war drama and a few fine plays. All the war plays of our Revolution have failed to score. For some reason those eventful, tragic, trying, glorious days leave us cold when they are presented in old-time regimentals and to the sounds of musket, fife and drum.

"Shenandoah," old-fashioned as it is, with devices that the war gods of to-day with their valkyries of airships would laugh at, is our high-water mark in the kind of play we are discussing. Strangely enough, we remember more about its trapping and spectacle—its tricks—than we do about the people and their story. That is the reason why it is remembered as a war play; if it had been equally fine in characterization it might be playing yet. "Secret Service" is different; war therein is epitomized and we are interested in the fortunes of the *dramatis personae* in a time of war; in other words, infantry, cavalry, men and horses are the forces behind a few people whom we like; war is not permitted to drown the personal interest in its bloody tide.

Given the theme of war, for whatever reason waged, in a drama, the end must be peace, however acquired. This necessary end, foretold from the beginning, robs a play of the element of suspense, so in a matter of construction the play-builder whose story is war is handicapped, despoiled of half of his means to hold a listener. Isn't that a reason for not attempting a genuine war play and an excuse for restraining this powerful thing—war—from becoming too great, too engrossing? It belongs in the background, and there the playwrights who are threatening us with war plays will, if they give any weight to the history of the drama, strive with all their intellectual might to keep it. W. S.

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This pitiful appeal of the wounded Amfortas occurs in the Temple Scene of Act III. Gurnemanz has eagerly brought Parsifal to the Temple in the hope that he will prove to be the long expected redeemer of the sins of the Grail brotherhood.

Alda Sings the "Melody in F" (with Balalaika Orchestra). Solitude, d'Offoel-Rubinstein. *Advt.*

The Theatre of the Ghetto

(*Continued from page* 83)

actors, in a tragedy the great Adler is still supreme. David Bernstein now wears the crown of Mogulesco as Prince of Comedians, while Kessler has marked ability in both the sock and buskin. Mme. Lipzin, who is usually "on the road" nowadays is still the reigning actress of the Yiddish stage when she has a part that suits her, but Mme. Adler has as much force and technique, and Mme. Lobel more versatility than Lipzin. In very emotional, almost hysterical parts, like "Zaza," Mme. Lobel has few equals on any stage.

It is nothing unusual for a "star" to be paid two hundred dollars a week, and at that, the usual theatrical "week" for the more prominent players comprises only three days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, with five performances in all. On other days the theatres are rented for private performances to the Yiddish societies whose numbers are legion and who can afford to employ only the lower salaried actors in the presentation of their pieces, which are mainly historical. The actors, by the way, are organized in one big union on principles that the I. W. W. would approve, and thanks to this are by no means at the mercy of the managers.

The Jewish actors are fortunate in their audiences. An audience of Hebrews is unformal, but is easily carried away and takes for granted everything it sees on the stage. On the opening night of "Jealousy," by the Russian writer, Arzibashev, at the Lobel Theatre, last season, Mme. Lobel as Helena Nikolaievna, the coquette, was being slowly choked by her husband in a struggle that would have done credit to two contortionists. As the woman's half stifled cries became weaker and weaker the audience could stand it no longer. A burly black-bearded peddler in the gallery stood up and shouted "Dovolno" ("enough") and the audience, catching his illusion almost to a man, shouted "Dovolno, Dovolno." When the struggling wife at last succumbed to her husband's strangle hold and fell back upon the floor rigid, a young girl down in front fainted, and upon being revived by her friends was in a fair way to faint again when the woman that had been killed on the stage stepped forward with a bow that no corpse could have executed. A Jewish audience is highly charged with emotion and looks upon the theatre as the proper place to work it off, while at the same time it is very attentive and hisses down its own applause in the fear of losing a line of the play.

When the curtain has rung down after the first act in the ghetto there is a mad rush for such good seats as have remained vacant, and then everyone goes visiting. Mrs. Finsky in the pit sees her friend Mrs. Shilberg in a box and moves over to discuss the play with her, dragging along the three Finsky children, for the theatre is a family institution with the Jews and the baldheaded row is made up of infants who have not reached the dignity of hair. Criticism of the play is even shouted between gallery and pit. This practice of fervid and loud discussion between the acts or even while the curtain is up may have been learned from the Russians, who are among the most garrulous of theatre-goers, or it may be simply an example of the Jew's excessively social nature.

Adler says that the Jews "like very good and very bad plays," and the truth is that with a sensitive appreciation of delicate beauty of expression the Jew has also a fondness for horse-play that has sorely tried the temper of the better playwrights and forced them to submit to the interpolations of the actors and managers who think they know what the public wants. The simple trick of pulling a chair from under a man about to sit down is always greeted uproariously, but it is to the credit of the Jew's fairness that he is ever ready to laugh at himself upon the stage. In the third act of Abraham Schomer's play, "The Yellow Passport," the gaucheries of the ignorant Jew arriving at Ellis Island draw gales of laughter from the Yiddish public. Another characteristic of the Hebraic theatre-goer is that he does not like short plays, feeling that he cannot get his money's worth in less than four acts. A producer once tried a three-act play on a Yiddish audience, but although the protagonist had died at the end of the third act, and there had been other signs that the *coup de grâce* had been given to the drama the audience remained seated in patient expectation of the fourth act which never came.

Ten years ago there were many predictions that the Yiddish theatre in America would not outlive the decade, but it now seems to have passed its doldrums and to have clear sailing ahead. The hope of the Yiddish stage lies in its audiences, and their taste the managers in the

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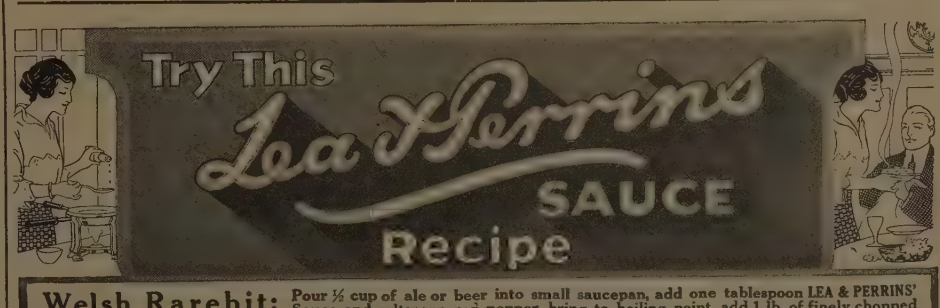

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The Theatre Magazine
12 B West 38th Street, New York

past have underestimated just as the producers for the American stage have underestimated the appreciative powers of their audiences. It is true that the Jew in this country is rapidly Americanized, but as long as the Semitic stream continues to pour into the United States in anything like its present volume there will be a Yiddish theatre. With such writers as Dimoff, Arnstein, Korbin, Libin, David Pinsky, and now and then Peretz and Shalom Ash available there is no immediate prospect of a dearth of good plays, and although the gold of the gentile box offices draws many of the younger actors away enough good ones spring apparently from nowhere—there is no school for Yiddish actors—to assure a histrionic abundance for some time to come.

GREGORY MASON.

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BROWN UNIVERSITY

(*Continued from page* 86)

unscrupulous legislator in charge of the bill forbidding plays.

Believing Douglass in his power, Arnold would make him pay for immunity, but the actor resented the imputation of a bribe, and coldly made his adieux. Lucy Hallam, charming ingenue, coming in search of Douglass, made bold to speak to Arnold. The latter having an eye for feminine attractiveness sought to detain Mistress Lucy, but she, resenting "certain liberties," caused that legislator to retire.

Act II took place within the "Histrionic Academy," and with it was combined the first four acts of "The Provoked Husband." The first of the stage had become the pit of the mimic theatre with its rows of rude wooden benches, while at either side, the hay mows of the former barn had been converted into boxes for "the quality." Twelve feet back of the large proscenium stood the stage of the mimic theatre. An air of expectancy and suppressed excitement possessed the throng as it gathered in the little playhouse.

Much amusing or exciting incident occurred between the acts of the restoration drama, having either to do with the manners and customs of eighteenth century people or with the trend of things political. Word came that the lower house had passed the bill, and that the upper house was debating it. It was reported Governor Ward had lent his official prestige to aid it and that the Senate, too, approved it. But even the delivery of the act bearing the proper signatures to Paul Tew, High Sheriff of Providence County, was insufficient to "stop the sinful proceedings." Not until the curtain had descended on the final act of "The Provoked Husband" did Tew perform his duty. Even then, something loath, he stepped upon the stage and read the act which declared it "mischievous," "tending to the spread of immorality" and unlawful to present stage plays in the colony thereafter.

CHESTER T. CALDER.

Columbia Records

The announcement of records by Madame Eleonora de Cisneros is certain to interest the American music public. Madame Cisneros is a mezzo-soprano of extraordinary talent. Her repertoire, in French, German and Italian, comprises fifty-two operas.

Morgan Kingston, the Welsh tenor, who has just closed his operatic season, and who, it is understood, will shortly appear in concert, sings two popular ballads. One of them, Tennyson's "Come Into the Garden Maud," with music by the composer of "The Bohemian Girl"—Michael William Balfe—needs no further recommendation. Coupled with this is Tosti's "Parted."

Master Manolito Funes, the twelve-year-old pianist, who has gained conspicuous recognition on both sides of the water, has been engaged by the Columbia Company. His first record comprising Chaminade's "Arlequine" and "The Whispering Wind" by Wollenhaupt is, in many respects, the best piano record so far issued. He is regarded as one of the most serious and capable exponents of the pianoforte.

The list of recorded selections for the month of February embrace many mid-winter song hits. "Love Moon," from Ivan Caryll's "Chin-Chin," as presented by Montgomery and Stone in the big Broadway success, is to be found here. Also "When You're Away" from "The Only Girl," Victor Herbert's latest triumph, and many other popular songs of the season.

There is also listed a particularly pleasing recording by the Wellesley College Glee Club.

Not the least important, though in lighter vein, are the six double-disc dance-records. *Advt.*

QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

READER, Chicago.—Q.—Can you tell me the titles of Edward Gordon Craig's books on the new decorative art of the theatre. Where can I get them?

A.—One is "On the Art of the Theatre," published by Browne's Bookstore, Chicago; another is "Towards a New Theatre," published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

E. B. C., Brooklyn.—Q.—Where, with whom, and in what play is Jane Grey now appearing?

A.—She is playing in "Kick In," at the Republic Theatre, with John Barrymore.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—Q.—Have you ever published an interview with William Courtenay? In what is he now appearing?

A.—See our July, 1914, issue. William Courtenay is appearing in "Under Cover," at the Cort Theatre, New York City.

Z. Y. Z., New York.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from "The Song of Songs," at the Eltinge Theatre. 2. Have you had Laurette Taylor in your series, "Prominent Players in Their Homes?"

A.—You will find a page of pictures from "The Song of Songs" in this issue. 2. For photographs of Laurette Taylor at home see our July, 1914, number.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore, Md.—Q.—Can you give me the names and addresses of some of the photographers in your city who make a specialty of taking theatrical pictures?

A.—Sarony, 362 Fifth Ave.; Bangs Studio, 1476 Broadway; Byron Company, 800 Sixth Avenue; White Studio, 1546 Broadway.

F. L., Monroe, La.—Q.—Can one get an engagement on the stage without first attending a dramatic school?

A.—It is not necessary to have a dramatic school course to get on the stage, but it is desirable. If you possess theatrical talent try to secure an engagement in a stock company in a subordinate position and work your way up.

E. E., Easton, Pa.—Q.—May one submit different manuscripts of the same play to more than one manager. 2. How can I obtain reliable criticisms of "Within the Law" and "The Argyle Case"?

A.—1. Yes. 2. See THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for October, 1912, and February, 1913.

A. L. O., Paterson, N. J.—Q.—Kindly tell me where Victor Herbert, the composer, was born, and something of his early life.

A.—Victor Herbert was born in Dublin. His father was a barrister and his mother a daughter of Samuel Lover, the well-known Irish novelist. His father died when he was quite young, and he was taken to Stuttgart to be educated. All his early training was received in Germany.

Miss R. B., Winnipeg.—Q.—Are Charles and Daniel Frohman brothers? Are there other members of the same family engaged in the theatrical business?

A.—Yes, they are brothers. There is another brother, Gustave Frohman. Daniel Frohman was at one time an office boy in the *Tribune* office at the time Horace Greeley was editor. Charles Frohman gained his experience travelling as advance agent for a minstrel show. Gustave Frohman married Marie Hubert whom he starred in a play called "The Witch."

W. L., New York.—Q.—Kindly tell me whether Ray Cox, now appearing in "Twin Beds," is a man or a woman?

A.—Ray Cox is a woman. A short sketch about her was published in our November, 1914, issue.

J. H., New Kensington, Pa.—Q.—Where can I secure plays in French?

A.—At Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and 27th Street, or W. R. Jenkins, 6th Avenue and 48th Street, New York City.

A. B. C., New Orleans, La.—Q.—When was the Metropolitan Opera House first opened?

A.—The Metropolitan Opera House was dedicated by Abbey, on October 22, 1883, with "Faust," sung by Nilsson and Campanini.

R. M. B., Plainfield, N. J.—Q.—Can you give me the name of the actress who played the leading rôle in 'Years of Discretion"? In What is she now appearing?

A.—Effie Shannon. She is playing in "Children of the Earth" at the Booth Theatre, the play which won the $10,000 which Mr. Winthrop Ames offered as a prize for the best American play.

A. RYAN, Oakland, Cal.—Q.—Are there any books published that give detailed information about music, composers, etc.?

A.—Yes, "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," published in five volumes by the Macmillan Company, New York City.

E. G., Cleveland, O.—Q.—Have you published in any of your back numbers full-page pictures of Nance O'Neil? What are the prices of THE THEATRE having covers of Bernhardt, Eleanor Robson as Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," William Faversham in "The Squaw Man," and Olga Nethersole? Have you ever had a full-length picture of Nazimova as Nora in "A Doll's House," and also an illustrated interview with Mme. Nazimova?

A.—In our January, 1912, issue (35c.) there appeared a very good picture, although not a full-page, of Nance O'Neil. In the July, 1911, number (35c.) there was a full-page personal photograph of Miss O'Neil, and in July, 1910 (40c.), a full-page of her in "The Lily." The covers of players you inquire about appeared on the following numbers:

Sarah Bernhardt, June, 1906 (85c.).
Eleanor Robson, June, 1905 ($1.00).
William Faversham, September, 1906 (85c.).
Olga Nethersole, February, 1907 (75c.).

An excellent full-length picture of Mme. Nazimova in "The Doll's House" was published in our August, 1907, issue (75c.), and a lengthy illustrated interview with this Russian actress also appeared in the same number. A more recent interview with Nazimova was in our December, 1912, issue (50c.).

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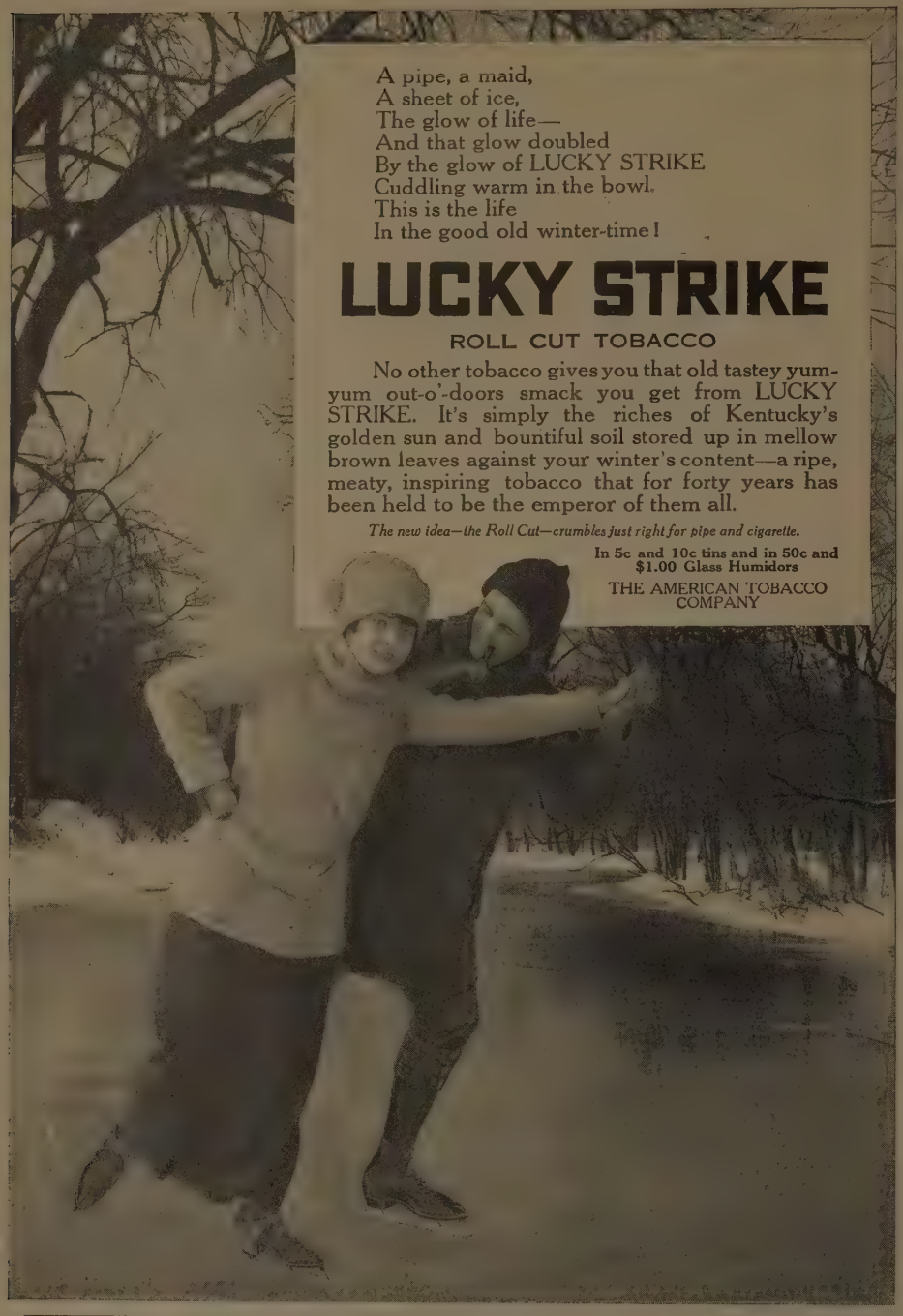

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"The Analysis of Play Construction," the edition exhausted, has been withdrawn from print, and is to be had in the School only or as reprinted serially in the Magazine, beginning with January 15, 1914.

Address

W. T. PRICE

1440 Broadway New York City, N. Y.

The Passing of Wallack's

(*Continued from page 76*)

name over the door and placing the name of "Wallack's", where it rightfully belonged. Since that day many notable attractions and actors have appeared upon its stage, and it has known in its later years better financial returns than was its fate in earlier days. George Ade's "Sultan of Sulu," Wm. Faversham in "The Squaw Man," George Arliss in "Disraeli," Cyril Maude in "Grumpy," "Jimmy Valentine" and "Pomander Walk," are but a few of its more recent successes, while previous ones were Victor Herbert's "Fortune Teller," in which Alice Neilsen and Joseph Cawthorne were striking figures; Julia Arthur in "The Lady of Quality," Margaret Mather in her exceptionally fine production of "Cymbeline," Julia Marlowe in "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and W. H. Crane's artistic success but financial failure, "Peter Stuyvesant." It was also upon this stage that the first performance of the opera "La Bohême" was given. Here also have appeared at special performances nearly every actor and actress of note on our stage. Many of them have taken the long journey, but some still remain to delight us with their genius. About its stage clusters many a comedy, many a tragedy, and while improvement demands the passing of the old house, its memories will still linger, and in the future days many a tale will be told by the old to the young of the days when Wallack's was, and, mayhaps, when another structure occupies its foundations,

"*The dim and unregarded ghosts*
Of those who used these pleasant shades to range,
Will come at night out of their misty coasts,
And wring their spectral hands above the change!"

Side by side those traditional figures of theatrical decoration, the masks of Comedy and Tragedy, have stood upon the walls of the theatre. Side by side in real life those two figures have stalked through the theatre; sorrow and joy, success and failure, have gone arm in arm. The real tragedy of the house was the passing of Wallack's from what was rightfully his. The minor tragedies, that of the actor who, about to deliver the bombastic speech of a mimic King, fell back into the arms of his brother actor, stricken dumb and never more to take his part upon the stage; and that of a woman star who, upon the first night of her new play, saw her hopes of success turn to ashes when in one scene upon which the success of the piece depended she stood before the audience unable to make a sound, her memory for the time being blank; the heart-aches and bitter disappointment of the actor and actress who failed, of the author who saw his play pass into oblivion, of the manager who had staked his all upon his venture. Comedy smiled when the little figure in the back row on the stage came to the front a favorite overnight with the public. It smiled still broader when the play which the manager put on as a make-shift, feeling sure it was buried before it has died, but which the public took to its heart and cuddled. Comedy smiled and tragedy frowned at that of which the great public knew nothing, and yet in after years when the story was told they fully believed they saw it and knew it at the time. When the leading disciple of a cult that overran the world some years ago appeared in this city to deliver a lecture, everyone not having the fever felt the man was a "joke," and that he but posed as he did to fool the public. He delivered a lecture at Wallack's, and previous to his appearance before the footlights came into the private office covered with his long black cloak, which was part of the costume he affected, held closely about him, asking that the door be closed, in order that he might for the time throw off the guise he bore and be as natural as those who did not believe in the craze of which he was leader. "Let me smoke and stretch my legs," said Oscar Wilde, "and be as human as you. I want to relax before I go out there and assume an attitude that, while it brings good financial results, is mighty tiresome." He was asked, "Do you believe in what you say?" His reply was, "Financially, I do."

Wallack's is soon to pass away. The days of its glories have faded with the joys which hallowed them to our ardent imagination; but still in our heart of hearts we treasure their remembrance. Peace to its shades and to the man who rendered its name immortal in our dramatic annals.

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GRANVILLE BARKER

(Continued from page 63)

the play writing bee attacked him and thereafter he acted only to get money to support himself while writing. At last one of his pieces won production, it was named "The Weather Hen." Mr. Barker remembers it if nobody else does.

He had learned something about producing before this success and after he joined the Stage Society, of which Bernard Shaw was a director, he went about London seeking a theatre where Shaw's plays might be done. At length he found a manager willing to barter a couple of weeks rent for Barker's services in putting on "Twelfth Night," and in this house "Candida" was born. Mr. Barker, then 22 (he was born in 1877), playing the excitable and neuresthenic young nobleman.

Just before coming over Mr. Barker put on in London a condensed version of Thomas Hardy's, "The Dynasts." He reports it as having a genuine success. In his own play, "The Madras House," a character appears who interests the author so much he is curious to see if he will interest the American cousin. This character is an American, a man whom the author met on his first visit to New York six years ago. Even at that time there was talk of Mr. Barker managing the New Theatre. The proposition did not attract him at that time, but the States did and so did the particular specimen of America who figures after more than half a decade in the forthcoming play.

WILLIS STEELL.

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IRVING BERLIN

(Continued from page 67)

having thrown all my bath towels into the piano to deaden its resonance. I wrote the next verse the following morning, and sang the song that afternoon.

"Do I believe in inspiration? In having things hit you from nowhere? Big things you've never dreamed of? Occasionally—yes. I have never given Irving Berlin any credit for *Alexander*. It was simon-pure inspiration. I had long admired certain of its progressions, but the melody came to me right out of the air. I wrote the whole thing in eighteen minutes, surrounded on all sides by roaring pianos and roaring vaudeville actors."

"Rag-time is the one distinctive American contribution to the musical materials of the world. And as far as my meagre studies have shown me, no country's composers ever grew great if they failed to represent their time, their nation, and their people's artistic means.

"I have a home uptown now," continued Mr. Berlin, "and my hobby is my library. I never had a chance for much schooling, so I couldn't read the good books I wished to because I had to look up too many of the big words. I'm taking time now to look those words up. I'm trying to get at least a bowing acquaintance with the world's best literature, and some knowledge of history, and all of the famous dead people. I'm a little bit commercial in so doing. I want to know things, and I want to enlarge my vocabulary, with a definite purpose of bigger, better writing.

"You see, there's a real American Opera coming along, and I want to write it. In syncopation, you understand. I'm going to prove that you can syncopate for people's hearts as well as for their toes. It's going to be a simple American story—men and women, love and adventure, and a good red-blooded fight. Whoever writes the book, I shall write my own lyrics, as I always do. And I don't want the critics to find my grammar crooked, my vocabulary of the twenty-word kind, and my sentences stilted and funny. When I begin to write seriously, I want no silly lyrics.

"One thing I've done successfully few people know about—because they've never given the matter any consideration. I have vocalized the triplet, a favorite device for the instrumentalist, but avoided by the vocal writer. You'll find the triplet worded in almost everyone of my songs.

"The reason our American composers have done nothing highly significant is because they won't write American music. They're as ashamed of it as if it were a country relative. So they write imitation European music which doesn't mean anything. Ignorant as I am, from their standpoints, I'm doing something they all refuse to do: I'm writing American music!"

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Film Plays and Players

(*Continued from page* 69)

the spirit of their art when bereft of familiar surroundings. Florence Nash was less successful in her first photoplay effort that removed her from the type of character she interprets so well. In "Springtime," based on Booth Tarkington's play, she is miscast in the rôle of an over-sentimental, delicate young creature, a sort of clinging vine, and Miss Nash is hardly that. It is a prettily staged picture none the less, with the luxuriant gardens and old mansions of New Orleans and St. Augustine for backgrounds.

Mabel Taliaferro, in "The Three of Us," leaves a quite different impression; for here the part and the player are in harmony. The story is a western melodrama with quite a bit of character drawing and opportunities for sincere acting well utilized by Miss Taliaferro and Edwin Carewe, the most important member of the company in her support. By this time the Lubin Company probably has released one, or both of the elaborate western subjects produced by Romaine Fielding, "Eagle's Nest," made in Colorado, and "The Valley of Lost Hope," made in Pennsylvania, although one would never suspect it from the nature of the locations. In each of these pictures a spectacular catastrophe—in "Eagle's Nest" a massacre, in "The Valley of Lost Hope" a railroad wreck—gives the thrills indispensable to melodrama. Barring none shown on the screen to date, with the fine effects gained in Vitagraph's "413" and "C. O. D." still in mind, the wreck in "The Valley of Lost Hope" is surpassingly vivid. It is a head-on collision in which engines and the coaches behind them are reduced to twisted metal and splintered wood, useless débris tossed into a gruesome bonfire.

Save for sentimental reasons, Edwin Arden was not a particularly wise choice for the leading character in the film adaptation of his play, "Eagle's Nest." Here, again, it is a question of suitability, for act as sincerely as he may, he is not quite the man to suggest a rugged westerner in his early twenties.

Director Otis Turner, of the Universal Company, deserves commendation for his production of "Damon and Pythias," a pretentious classic drama and a distinct improvement on most previous efforts of the same character. It is far and away superior to "Samson," for example, but not, of course, on a par with the biggest of the Italian productions. In some respects American manufacturers are going ahead of their European rivals, notably in plot variety and putting a lifelike, human note into stories; but this country simply does not lend itself to classic drama on a spectacular scale. The picturization of Sir Gilbert Parker's, "The Seats of the Mighty," fell far below expectations because of a clumsily handled story that became involved and tedious. Sumptuous settings of the period of Louis XV the film has, and the acting of Lionel Barrymore is satisfactory; but in its entirety the production fails to hold the interest, a rather fatal shortcoming. Two educational subjects of more than passing moment are Edward S. Curtis's Indian drama, "In the Land of the Head Hunters." and Raymond D. Ditmars's, "The Book of Nature." The last named is a collection of studies of animal and plant life made by Mr. Ditmars while curator of reptiles at the Bronx Zoo. Some of the pictures have been issued on the Pathe program, a fact that does not at all diminish interest in the present complete release, shown at Wallack's Theatre where Mr. Ditmars delivered lectures explaining the scenes and the difficulties met in taking them. At an invitation exhibition, the Famous Players showed their production of Hall Caine's, "The Eternal City," with Pauline Frederick in the rôle of Donna Roma.

LYNDE DENIG.

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G. A. de Caillavet, Dramatist, Dead

Gaston Armand de Caillavet, the dramatist, died in Paris on January 13th last. He was born in 1870 and was known professionally as Armand de Caillavet. He was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and a Commissioner of the Society of Dramatic Authors. After receiving his education at the Condorcet Lyceum he commenced dramatic writing and was the author of thirty-one plays. Among the best known of these are: "Columbine," "Noblesse Oblige," and "The Lily." From 1900 until 1907 he collaborated with Robert de Flers, one of their best-known dramas being "The Labors of Hercules."

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 61)

remaining. The young husband receives an unexpected visit from a rich up-State Uncle and Aunt, and is forced, after the immutable laws of farce, to introduce the actress as his wife. In accommodating herself to the situation, Miss Dressler practices untold absurdities. The up-State relatives are shocked. The dénouement is brought about in the answering of a telephone call by the actress. The person at the other end of the line is the wife. Here a device, similarly employed in other parts of the play, is used, and while not altogether a novelty, it is practical, and has a certain ingenious application which no doubt will very often be followed hereafter. Through a transparency the wife is seen listening at the other end of the line. The transparency is also used in closer connection with the action in that people are seen to get out of the elevator of the apartment house and pass along the hall before entering the room. These novelties were very helpful to the action of the farce, which had its real vitality, however, from the exuberant antics of Marie Dressler.

SHUBERT. "To-Night's the Night." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Fred Thompson, music by Paul A. Rubens. Produced on December 24th with this cast:

Montagu Lovitt-Lovitt, James Blakeley; Henry, Lauri De Frece; Pedro, Maurice Farkoa; Robin Carraway, Davy Burnaby; Archibald, Robert Nainby; Albert, Leslie Henson; The Hon. Dudley Mitten, George Grossmith; Beatrice Carraway, Iris Hoey; Victoria, Fay Compton; Daisy de Monthe, Madge Saunders; Angela Lovitt-Lovitt, Gladys Homfrey; Lady Edith Taplow, Hon. Helen Montagu; Alice, Gipsy O'Brien; June, Emmy Wehlen.

A London Gaiety performance is always worth the while. To say that it is essentially British certainly does and should not disqualify it from favor. The essentially British has merits of decency. There is a certain charm of modesty in the attire of its dancing girls which should go far toward making amends for the absence of the brave displays to which we are accustomed in our musical farces. This is not said in disparagement of certain characteristics of our own musical productions, which are in many ways unexcelled the world over. We only mark a distinction of custom. The tendency of the Gaiety productions is to have a story, and that story must be had whether it is original or not. In this case the story of "To-night's the Night" is based on the familiar "Pink Dominoes." Now and then the farce jogs along too slowly and sedately, but on the whole the entertainment is satisfactory and continuously diverting. Its episodic specialties and characters are effective and sometimes wholly unfamiliar. If it were a matter to haggle about, it might be claimed that in numbers and uniformity of youth and beauty the chorus girls of American musical comedy excel; but the types of English comeliness brought to us in this production are distinct and worthy of applause. George Grossmith, uncannily expert in his farce making when his youthful appearance is considered, is the chief feature in the play. He has a spirit and a manner of his own which make him notable. Emmy Wehlen, Viennese by birth, English by legal adoption, and American by certain experience with us, is the chief feminine asset of the production.

PLAYHOUSE. "Just Herself." Comedy in three acts by Ethel Watts Mumford. Produced on December 23rd with this cast:

Myron Kendal, Frederic Thomas; Loring Addison, Aldrich Bowker; Jack Addison, Malcolm Duncan; Pike, France Bendtsen; Louis, Henry Morley; William, Royal Byron; Charles, Harold Stoddard; Raymond, Gregory Kelly; Mrs. Myron Kendal, Eleanor Gordon; Euphemia Kendal, Lydia Lopokova; Mrs. Loring Addison, Olive Temple; Mrs. Phelan, Kate Mayhew; Emily Griswold, Aletha Walters.

Lydia Lopokova, a Russian dancer of distinction and of the highest artistic qualities, was put forward as an actress, in a slight and crude play entitled, "Just Herself." It can be said that if the dancer had been more employed in the play just as herself, as a dancer, she might have danced the play to success. The very dramatic climaxes of the play depended on her dancing, and that feature was not sufficiently in evidence. Her artistic dancing would have covered up every inadequacy of the amateurish play. The play was not without its scenes of very great interest. The acting of Kate Mayhew in the character of a vulgar but good hearted rich woman, ambitious of society, but bored by its refinements and flummery, was enough to keep the audience in good humor and make people forget the improbabili-

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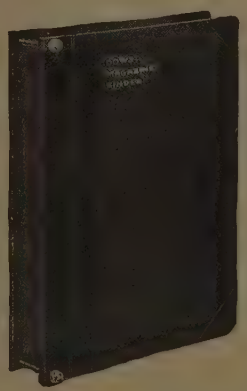

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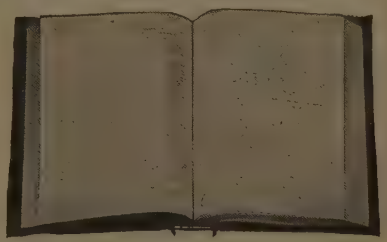

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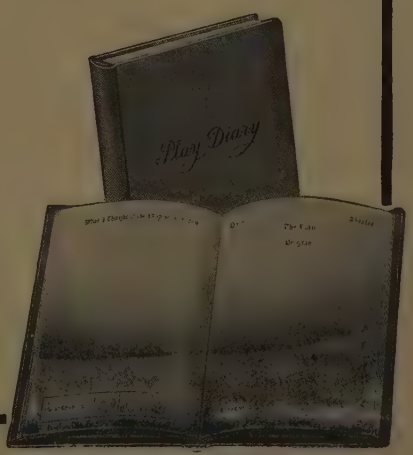

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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ties of the story in the fact of such a diverting fact as she was. Lydia Lopokova is not yet an actress. But she evinced such an amiable willingness that a little more dancing would have set her on her way as an actress. She has the personal qualities out of which stars are made. The momentary check to her ambition should not utterly discourage Lydia Lopokova.

ASTOR. "HELLO BROADWAY." Entertainment in two acts with words and music by George M. Cohan. Produced on December 25th with this cast:

George Babbit, Geo. M. Cohan; Bill Shaverfam, William Collier; Bolivar Babbit, Charles Dow Clark; Ambrose Deming, Lawrence Wheat; Kick In McClusky, Sidney Jarvis; Bum Lung, Martin Brown; Mr. Wu, John Hendricks; Daddy Long Beard, Tom Dingle; His Brother, Jack Corcoran; Patsy Pygmalion, Louise Dresser; Ruth Chatterbox, Belle Blanche; Chin Chin, Rozsika Dolly; Elsie Workingson, Peggy Wood.

With George M. Cohan so well established in the field of legitimate drama, it seems strange that he should choose to revert to the razzle-dazzle form of entertainment that marked his earlier successes. In "Hello, Broadway," Mr. Cohan descends to the lower rungs of his ladder, and in no small way resumes the character that was his in the hectic interval between the agile Four Cohans and the clever "Seven Keys to Baldpate." In "Hello, Broadway," we again see the jigging, stars-and-stripes Million Dollar Kid, just as he was back in the characteristically nasal, *It's a Grand Old Flag!* days. Yet taken for what it is "Hello, Broadway" is a clever piece of work. No revue of recent years has been so replete with original humor, or has contained such ingenious burlesques on the latest successes. Certainly never have two players more entertainingly poked fun at the audience, the play, and themselves than do Cohan and his co-star, William Collier. But when "Hello, Broadway" takes to the road, it is doubtful if all these local illusions will be appreciated. In fact, "Hello, Broadway" is more of a Friars' Frolic than a public entertainment. The production is well staged and full of whimsical novelties. Louise Dresser, ever charmingly natural, is badly treated in having to sing as her feature song a wretched refrain called *Down by the Erie,* a woefully unmusical thing which is not even excused by the novelty of its presentation. William Collier has seldom been more entertaining. George M. Cohan, shocker and slayer of the aesthetic senses that he is, is none the less comedian and agile dancer enough to make one forgive all his noise.

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PLAYHOUSE. "SINNERS." Drama in four acts by Owen Davis. Produced on January 7th. with this cast:

Bob Merrik, Robert Edeson; Horace Worth, John Stokes; Willie Morgan, Walter Walker; Joe Garfield, John Cromwell; Doctor Simpson, Charles Richman; Mary Horton, Alice Brady; Mrs. Horton, Emma Dunn; Hilda Newton, Gertrude Dallas; Polly Cary, Florence Nash; Sadie, Frances McLeod.

Once more is presented, this time at the Playhouse, the elementary but eternal theatrical proposition that all metropolitan life is as Billy Sunday pictures it, while all the virtues flourish like the bay tree and other exotic growths in the quiet confines of the country. It is Owen Davis who has drawn this contrast and "Sinners" is its title. It is good, sound, appealing, domestic drama that he has turned out. The setting of the three scenes is excellent, while W. A. Brady has provided for it a company of superior merit. Its reception so far by theatre-goers—the ingenuous kind that likes its morality laid on thick, and the sophisticated sort that finds mental relaxation and amusement in something that isn't Broadway—would indicate for it a popular success. Emma Dunn gives one of her gentle, sweet pathetic sketches of devoted motherhood. Equipped with a fine assortment of up-to-date slang, Florence Nash as the Tenderloin exotic crackled her way through the piece to a constant response of laughter. Her friend was stoically and grouchily represented by John Cromwell, while the heart

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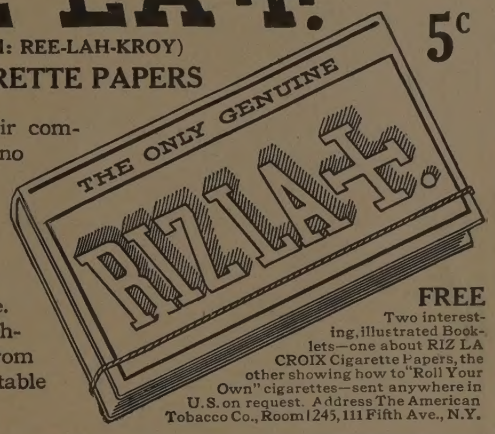

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:
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diseased bounder as presented by Walter Walker was very much the real thing. A nice simplicity attached to Alice Brady's Mary and her frail but repentant friend received sympathetic interpretation at the hands of Gertrude Dallas. A stolid but caustic witted serving maid as acted by Frances McLeod scored, while John Stokes stirred up a fine spirit of antipathy as the bank clerk. For Robert Edeson and Charles Richman, respectively the prig and doctor, only deepest sympathy goes forth. Two more stupid and impossible parts could hardly be imagined.

BOOTH. "CHILDREN OF EARTH." Play in four acts by Alice Brown. Produced on January 12th with the following cast:

Mary Ellen Barstow, Effie Shannon; Aaron Barstow, Herbert Kelcey; Anita Barstow, Olive Wyndham; Peter Hale, A. E. Anson; Jane Hale, Gilda Varesi; Adam Hale, Theodor von Eltz; Nathan Buell, Reginald Barlow, Uncle Eph Grout, Cecil Yapp; Cynthia Coleman, Mrs. Kate Jepson.

With a fine devotion to the interests of American playwrights, Winthrop Ames offered a prize of $10,000 for the best play by a native writer on a local subject. More than one thousand entered into this competition. Alice Brown, well known as a writer of New England stories, was adjudged the winner in "Children of Earth," which, under the terms of the contract, recently had it first production at the Booth Theatre.

Added to what the past has shown the present instance would seem to prove that in the dramatic field competition does not bring out the best. "Children of Earth," in view of the more than generous award, is a distinct disappointment. A New England spinster of forty has sacrificed her life to the vagaries of an exacting father. On his death she resolves to marry the sweetheart of her childhood, whom she has not seen in twenty-six years. He reappears. Complete disillusionment. The man is narrow, scheming, sanctimonious and a skinflint. Suddenly she finds her great passion is fixed on Peter Hale, a poetic, pomologist, unhappily married to an unsympathetic and unattractive Portuguese woman. Their mutual love is revealed and they resolve to elope. But in time they see what wide-spread wrong their selfishness would bring about, and they sacrifice themselves, the wife as well, to the exacting demand of their respective fates. There are fine psychological opportunities in this thesis which a more practiced hand than Miss Brown's might bring to more effective fruition. Two scenes, at least, are graphic, true and compelling, but the sequence at times is abrupt, extraneous characters are employed solely for local color while the exposition is needlessly composed and long drawn out. The dialogue is monotonously read and the humor sadly infrequent. It's a wonderful setting that Mr. Ames has given to the piece. The apple orchard in full bloom and the wood at daybreak are gems of poetical insight. The cast, too, comprises excellent players, but surely capable American actors could be secured for purely American types.

As the spinster, she has been described as a Yankee Isolde, Miss Shannon reveals a sweet, gentle personality; softness and refinement that makes the upset of her long life of convention something hard to entirely reconcile. Hale is acted with fine picturesque intensity by A. E. Anson, and there are careful vignettes of character contributed by Herbert Kelcey, Reginald Barlow and Kate Jepson. Acting honors go to Gilda Varesi for a finely considered and perfectly personated sketch of the Portuguese woman. It is not often such alternating currents of dull repression and fiery force, controlled by such skilled artistry, are revealed on the modern stage. The village idiot is also acted by Cecil Yapp with a fine regard for dramatic values.

To Stage Unusual Plays

Under the direction of Emmanuel Reicher, a well-known European actor and stage director, the Modern Stage, an organization somewhat similar to the New Theatre movement, has been organized, and five performances of modern plays will be presented this season for subscribers only at a theatre.

The plays which will be put into rehearsal for the initial production will be "Elgar," by Gerhart Hauptmann; "John Gabriel Borkman," by Ibsen, and the last play by Björnstjerne Björnson. An effort will be made to encourage American playwrights, and at least one of the first five plays to be produced will be by a native dramatist.

Mr. Henry L. Young, the genial treasurer of the Globe Theatre, where "Chin Chin" plays to capacity at every performance, has adopted a slogan which he uses daily: "Do not make engagements to take your family or friends to see 'Chin Chin' on a certain date; buy your seats first and then make your appointment."

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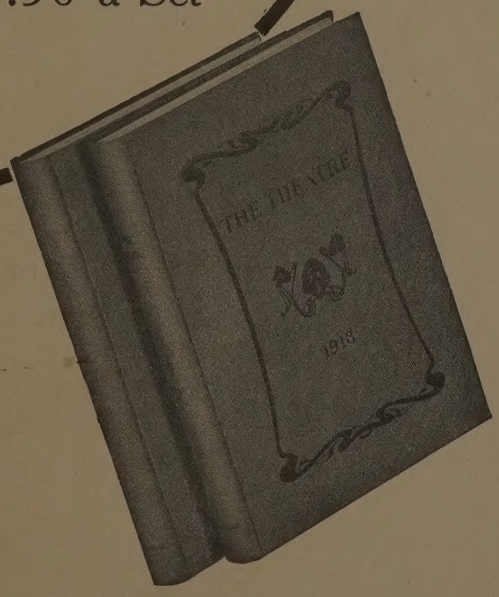

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NAT GOODWIN'S BOOK

NAT GOODWIN'S BOOK. By Nat Goodwin. Badger: Boston. $3.00 net.

The preliminary accounts of this book which found their way into newspaper gossip gave the impression that it would be of a sensational character regarding his various marriages. It is something a good deal better than that. Goodwin always preserves his sense of humor, and many of the incidents of his experiences he relates in the true spirit of comedy. The frankness of his recital is entirely proper, and, being truthful, is not vicious. Some of these happenings are in the very form of comedy. They would make scenes in little plays. Thus, after his arrival on tour in Australia, Maxine Elliott, with Gertrude, came to him in great consternation with bundles of American papers containing defamatory gossip about them. The situation as he describes it is dramatic. The nervous supper they had together, Maxine in a blaze of anger, he incapable of suggestion, and finally, in a nervous condition, overturning a cup of coffee in Gertrude's lap, is a scene as full of detail and "business" as may be imagined. It was Gertrude who solved the problem by pointing out to them that they could easily meet the situation by marrying. The matter was not disposed of at the dinner, and the sequel is an amusing little scene in itself. Maxine comes around to Gertrude's view. The book has special value in its contribution to the historical record. Nat Goodwin has had a notable career on the stage. In his activities he has been associated with some of the greatest successes and most dignified performance. In this way he has much of interest to say about Joseph Jefferson and many other great actors of his day. The index to the volume contains many names. Nat Goodwin has many friends, and to them he devotes chapters that show how faithful a friend he is himself. On the other hand, he has resentments, and perhaps in the chapters which he devotes to them he has said some things that had better be left unsaid. But the merits of the autobiography overbalance its faults. Many of the very interesting anecdotes he tells are of his own experience; others, not wholly unfamiliar, are given in his own way and in the very best form.

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To pay or not to pay; that is the question:
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Three and a half or four dollars for the privileg
of incurring mental indigestion
By partaking of a dramatic peach, plucked befor
it is ripe—
Or, to walk unostentatiously up to the box-office
Pay the regulation price and, going in, learn anev
How contracted is the managerial estimate of hi
patrons' mentality?

To disregard the speculator—to pass him by wit
a frigid frown
As if he were a creditor—to ignore him;
No more; and by so doing, to say we end
The pernicious custom New Yorkers so tenacious
ly adhere to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To patronize the box
office;
To get seats; perhaps to get bad seats; ay, there'
the rub!
For from that box-office what seats may come
When we have shoved in our hard earned coin
Must give us pause: there's the consideration
That makes the speculator a virtue;
For who would bear the seat behind the post,
The position hard aport, or hard astarboard—
The plush-covered relic of the Inquisition
Astern of the matinée maiden with the pictur
hat—
The waste of money—the shattered temper
When he, himself, can avoid it all
By purchasing tickets on the sidewalk?
Who would thus misuse himself or his fair com
panion
When it might all be so easily altered
By patronizing the manager's relation out i
front?
Thus the speculator doth make asses of us all
And thus the power of habit is fastened on us
By our having too much money to spend; and ou
greatest
Enterprise and ambition is smilingly to emulat
the parvenu.

JOSEPH VAN RAALTE, in *Life.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles